

25 Jan 1943.

"22 Avenue Road, St. Albans
Glasgow

To The Librarian, Royal Faculty Of Physicians and Surgeons,
Dear Sir,

I have recently come across some manuscript books written by my father Dr. George Buchanan, sometime professor of Clinical Surgery at the University. Two of these relate to the war in Turkey and the Crimea 1855. The second volume was published by Maclehose in 1871, after repeated requests by his friends, under the title of "Camp Life in the Crimea." But actually I found that the first volume was much more entertaining, as it had so many more human touches. notably about the wangling of his appointment as Civil Surgeon confirmed (as it found both in the Boer War and in the First Great War)

Secondly, the very leisurely, not to say haphazard journey itself out to Sumboul. This included a "walking tour" through parts of Switzerland, Savoy and Piedmont, with passport troubles at the frontiers of the numerous small States. Also a diligence journey over the Simplon Pass, where they were snow-bound and had to wait to get the snow and rocks out of the way before proceeding. Then the dangers or threats of difficulties at the Isthmus of Corinth.

These items have little historical interest, but they do show how one civilian going to war was affected. In years to come someone may find amusement in reading of these trivia

George Buchanan

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The beginning -

Dr George Buchanan
137 Hope Street



TURKEY

AND

The Crimea,

in 1855

VOLUME FIRST

CONTAINING INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL

On the way to The Seat of War

Through

FRANCE, PIEDMONT, ITALY, & GREECE.

By

George Buchanan,

*A.M., M.D. Surgeon to the British Hospital, Dardanelles,
Afterwards to the
General Hospital in Camp before Sebastopol.*

Introduction.

The winter of 1854 and the Spring of 1855 will be an even memorable era in British history - memorable because of its disasters, as the Autumn of the latter year will be for its success. The allied armies of France and Britain, linked together in a common cause to defend the weak against the strong, were lying before the great Southern fortress of Russia. The two western nations, proverbially rivals and enemies, were joined together in thorough good faith to resist the encroachments of the Czar and preserve the integrity of Turkey. - But a long peace is not a good preparation for sudden war and 40 years of rest had reduced the art of warfare to theory and formal parade - at least in most regiments of our army. That the British Troop was the same, Alma, Inkerman, and Balaklava shew, but the whole organisation of the army, from the regiment to the Cabinet or Horse Guards - from the Colonel to the Commander

in Chief, had become rotten or at least impracticable. What wonder then, that in a first Campaign the army should have experienced want and disease? It is easy to see how matters might have been improved, but the wonder is, with things as they were, that the disasters were not greater. Forced unexpectedly to prolong the siege, winter came suddenly upon them ere their batteries had produced any effect on the enemy, nay the works of the besieged were growing up with greater rapidity than the approaches of the besiegers. And the winters of ~~unexampled~~ severity - The hurricane wrecked their store-ships and levelled their encampment in one day - Rain, snow, hail, spread devastation abroad, effaced all landmarks, converted the hardest roads into deep stiff mud, in which many a poor man and beast floundered, and was drowned or smothered. Through this slough of despond the men had to carry shot, shell, and provisions, a distance of seven miles, and what wonder that worn out with this, added to the fatigue of making and defending the trenches, great numbers should have perished or been stricken down with disease - Then what horrors presented themselves in the overcrowded hospitals! The state of Scutari, will be a byword

for many a year to come; for gloss it over as we may, the fact remains that a large number of the sick and wounded remained destitute of proper clothing, bedding, food and attendance; and many a brave fellow died miserably, unmixed and unheeded. And to what lengths this would have gone, no one can say; had not private generosity supplied the lack of government incapacity. The Times fund supplied innumerable wants which would never have been imagined, and for a long time was the source of comfort to hundreds of the suffering. Then came that band of heroines led on by one of Nature's own nobility, Miss Florence Nightingale, whose unweary exertions soon made her influence felt over the whole of that vast establishment, and order and regularity soon took the place of confusion.

In the Spring of 1855 it became evident to our Government, that if the struggle were prolonged even for another campaign, ~~that~~ among other changes in our organisation, a great addition would require to be made to the medical department. There were not sufficient Surgeons to do duty with the regiments in the field, much less to take up the Hospital service, and it was resolved to introduce a new element into the service, to have existence only

during the continuation of the war. In order to free as many army surgeons as possible, a number of Civil practitioners received temporary appointments, and were sent to Scutari to do duty there; while the military men were sent at once to the Crimea. And as the hospitals on the Bosphorus were found so inadequate ~~that~~ preceding winter a new establishment was formed at Smyrna entirely composed of Civil men. The Smyrna hospital was only intended as a temporary one, another on a grander and more complete scale being organised, to be built somewhere nearer the seat of war.

The formation of this establishment was committed to Sir James Clark Bart. Physician to the Queen. Dr Parker of London and Mr Brumton Civil engineer at once proceeded on a tour of inspection to Constantinople, and after a lengthened survey, fixed upon a spot on the shores of the Dardanelles as the most eligible for a site - Materials and workmen were immediately sent out and soon an hospital grew up within a few miles of Ancient Troy. The appointments to this hospital were eagerly desired by all young practitioners, who could loose themselves for a time from their duties, and were soon filled up. Very many

applications were made which could not be successful - The arrangements were far in advance before I intimated my willingness to accept an appointment and I received an answer from Sir James Clark that the list was already completed - One vacancy occurred a few days after, in consequence of Dr. Aitken being transferred from the hospital staff to that of the Civil Pathological Commission, and to this vacancy I was at once appointed.

For various reasons I was only a few days at the hospital to which I was appointed - The work progressed slowly for want of sufficient labour and it was Autumn before it was ready to receive sick. Besides, the health of the troops improved remarkably, and the hospitals at Scutari were sufficient for all those sent from the Camp. With the consent of my Superior Officers therefore, I visited the Crimea shortly after my arrival, and also the principal spots of interest on the Bosphorus. No sooner had I joined the hospital at Dardanelles - Convalescent from a fever - than I heard of the want of Surgeons at the seat of war, and along with some others, volunteered to the Camp, where I was attached to the General hospital, and

remained until from unforeseen circumstances I was obliged to resign my commission and return home.

The following pages contain—in the shape of a Diary—an account of my movements during my absence, and the principal incidents of interest which happened to me while in the service of my Country, in the most eventful year that has happened for half a century. For obvious reasons the events of several days are crowded together under one date, especially when I remained a considerable time at one place, and where consequently it would be tedious to relate the occurrences of each day separately.

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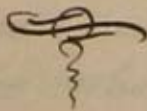
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To Sir James Clark, Bart:

Physician to Her Majesty the Queen,
to whom I am indebted for my appointment
in the Public Service, and at whose request
I was permitted to proceed to the East, by the
route described in the following pages,

This Volume is dedicated

By his much obliged
and humble servant
The Author



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To the Honorable the President

of the United States
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the petition of the citizens of the County of Washington, District of Columbia, for the establishment of a public library in that city. I am very much pleased to hear that you have been so kind as to take notice of their petition, and I am confident that you will be able to do justice to their request.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

James M. Smith
Secretary of the Senate

1800

Journal.

The morning of Tuesday the 15th May, was clear but cold. A shower of hail fell, as I drove to the railway station at 8 o'clock which showed that the season was a late one: the winter had been severe; Loch Lomond had been frozen over as far as Luss - A party of some thirty or so Highland soldiers went by the same train to London to be present at the distribution of Crimean Medals which was to take place in a few days. Arriving in London about 11pm I drove at once to Guis, where I was soon ensconced in the hospitable quarters of my friend S Steele: found S M' Dowal of Glasgow, still living there - and added another item to the amusement of Joseph the "button" who could not comprehend the constant and apparently interminable influx of Scotch friends to his master's house; and all the information which his enquiring mind had been able to get from Mary the cook was; "It is the war".

Dr Cowan, Dr Atken & Mac Dowall and now myself had taken up quarters at our old friend's, and to use his own expression our accoutrements had perfectly littered his house - for between clothing and underclothing, uniforms, portable beds, canteens, pocket pistols, Colts revolvers, whips and small articles of the toilet stationery &c his rooms presented an appearance something between an ordnance store and Anderson's Magic Cave. For my own part I left my trunk containing most of my wardrobe, and my bed, in Glasgow to be forwarded to an Agent in London, who was to send them out to our hospital by the first transport, so I was rid of all annoyance on the score of luggage, having nothing with me but a travelling portmanteau containing such articles as one would take for a Continental tour. My goods were subsequently shipped in "the good ship Elizabeth" and I got a paper from the owners binding themselves to deliver the same safely at the Dardanelles, in good order, "the act of God, the Queen's enemies, and dangers of the Sea, excepted".

I remained eight days in London to transact my business with the War Office; for although my appointment was as clear as noonday and all I had to do was to wait till ordered to embark: I thought

this an opportunity for seeing a little of the world which would not happen again, and therefore was not to be lost. My Commission was to date from the 10th of June that being the day on which I was told to be in London, but I purposed setting off before then and finding my way to rendezvous at Dardanelles by an overland route. The usual way of sending officers to the East was to send them by transport and that certainly is the easiest - why when there is much baggage and when a sea voyage is liked - it is the least expensive, as the only charge is 3/6 p. day deducted from the officers pay, for messing on board ships - but then there are the "desagremens"; waiting days for the sailing - voyaging daily down to Woblich - or staying at Portsmouth. Then when you are on board, probably you are going out with horses, the stables of which send forth strong odours, to say nothing of the neighing and kicking fourteen days at sea - the bay of Biscay &c &c. When it can be managed, by far the pleasantest way is to get passage money, they give you £25 to find your way, via Marseilles, and £5 or £10 added to that by way of Luxuria easily takes you to Constantinople. But my affairs were a little more complicated inasmuch as I wished to set off sometime before the

date of my Commission and it required a good deal of boring before the War Office consented to give any pay before it actually became due. The time I was delayed in London I spent in visiting friends and seeing public amusements, and I afterwards found it to my advantage to have been kept back for it was early enough to travel in some parts that I visited.

16th - Called at Brooke Street, Grosvenor Square, found that Sir Jas. Clarke was in bed, ill with the cold - to call tomorrow - Visited St George's Hospital, Dr. Delville at the school adjoining, Westminster, House of Lords &c. A quiet evening at Guis.

17th To Sir Jas. Clarke at 11. He is a very agreeable, kindly man, a true Scotchman retaining in a marked degree the Northern accent. We had a chat about the East and our hospital; he told me to be in no hurry, and quite agreed that that I should go by Trieste. All I had to do was to be in Constantinople to await orders about the end of June. He gave me a letter to Mr Genl. Hawes, Deputy Secretary at War, who he said would give me an order for 30 days pay in advance, Passage money, and a passport - To call tomorrow and report progress - Next to the Horse Guards. What a queer feeling to boldly enter the little door under the

pillars - Admired by an inscription I enquired of the Messenger for Mr. Hawes - Bagaged - gave my card and wrote "with a letter from Sir Clarke" - The waiting room nearly full of people waiting their turn - but to my amazement not a uniform among them - But it turned out that they were only requesting a ticket for the Pageant of distributing Crimean Medals next day - Mr Hawes being over engaged I was bound to Mr Drury his Sub. who in fact does most of the business - he being the actor & Mr Hawes the prompter behind the scenes - I incline to the opinion that he gets doing a good deal himself, and when hand pushes goes out of his room, behind the door or somewhere, waits a minute, and returns with an important air saying Mr Hawes says, "Yes" or "No" and that puts an end to all farther parley. This gentleman was not in a suitable frame of mind for attending to my case, there was Lady Affable at the door praying "My Dear Mr Drury do give me a ticket for the platform" - a Colonel Whistle twisting off the second button of his coat in trying to worm a like favour from him, - added to an interesting squabble between two parish charities which with wands in their hands were making the annual round of the parish to mark the bounds of which row was visible from the windows - beside

a continual noise of hammering, joiners handing planks over the decks, and a general upturning of all order so as to get things ready for the ceremony of the morrow - all these rendered Mr Drury very unwilling to learn the affair of one of the "Civils" going out to the East. He read Sir James' note and under pretext of consulting Mr Hawes bolted out of the room wrote the letter, returned in an incredibly short space of time saying Mr Hawes had considered the case, that I might leave when I liked, go as I liked, do what I liked - only - I could get neither passage money nor pay, unless I remained in London till the 10th of June the proposed date of my commission. I must do him the justice however to say that he suggested that I should get Sir James to date my commission from 1st June which would lessen the difficulty; because I could delay till then.

18th On calling at Sir James Clarke's today I found him again in bed, but was invited up to his room - He was nursing himself, not very ill. He quite saw the difficulty of my getting pay before the date of my appointment and at once agreed to make it begin some days sooner than he had intended, in order to favour my movements, which was entirely within his powers, but asked me to wait a few days & let it be ~~later~~ the end of the month. He again gave me

a letter to Mr Hawes saying that there was no objection to my getting pay, even now. He also promised to get to Mr Hawes himself so as to get my business at once finished, but asked me not to call again at the War Office for a day or two as he did not wish to be seen in any public place, intending to skip the levee which was to be held today after the distribution of the medals, so that he could not call at the War Office today.

The distribution of the medals took place in the space behind the horse guards, but the crowd was so great that I could see nothing - heard the band & the firing & saw at a considerable distance some figures said to be the Queen, Prince & Royal family. Called on James Blair - had a chat - to dine with him tomorrow.

19th To the Houses of Parliament. In the lobby of Committee Rooms met Mr Leeman, Mayor of York, was introduced by him to Mr Wells. M.P. for Beverly brother in law of Lord Elcho also to Solicitor Gutch, friends of my uncle Mr James Leechman. We had a talk about the civil establishments and they all offered to assist me in any way I should see that they could, in future. With Mr Sleets and MacDowall visited Crystal Palace at Sydenham, Fine day, considerable numbers, Capital band. Home in

time to dine with my two friends at Blain at 6.
A neat, cosy set out - pleasant evening. About 9
two loud young men came in with very stiff collars
Noah's Ark coats and ghostly umbrellas. They refused
wine or toddy, believed in coloured curly pipes, and
talked on unknown subjects and of great people, so
we had to take refuge in speaking of our cousins
the Mac Callum Moses, and stories fitted for a Rob
Lawyer party. Had some good fun.

20th To St Paul's morning service. In the
afternoon with Sister Mac Dowall to Richmond.

21st At the War office Mr Drury was still
obdurate. Read Sir James' letter but said I must
remain in London till 1st June, before the passage of
pay could be given. Sir James had not been able to see
Mr Hawes on the subject and the letter was not plain
enough for an authority to grant the pay. Mr Drury
was in a very official mood, would not take my word
that Sir James meant what I stated, must have it
exactly as he wanted or I must just wait. Done again
must call at Brooke St. tomorrow - Mr James Blain died
with us at Ems.

22nd Sir James Clarke had been at Windsor
but finding from me that Mr Drury was difficult to
manage in what was truly a delicate matter, he sat

down to settle the matter at once - Just then Dr. Goodere came in, one of the chief Physicians to our hospital, who was well known at the Guards, I was introduced to him and he offered to meet me at Mr Drury and get it all arranged. I then signed the necessary papers, got my formal commission and was led by Sir James into the dining room where I was introduced to Lady Clarke and sat down to luncheon with the family.

At the War Office along with Dr Goodere matters were entirely changed - Mr Drury being acquainted with him all was smooth, no difficulty was felt by the formal man - On signing a paper that he recommended the course I wished, I was furnished with a bundle of different papers - and after threading our way through a labyrinth of passages, calling at I don't know how many offices, getting signatures from all sorts of Subs and going through a variety of evolutions that would have taken me hours to find out, if I had not been accompanied by my ~~old~~ friend who was well up in the elaborate ways of the place I ultimately emerged with an order for 50 days pay at 25/- p. day and £25 for passage, and for a passport via Trieste. With this latter I at once proceeded to the Foreign Office and in a few minutes

was provided with a document "praying and urging
all whom it may concern to allow to pass freely
Dr George Buchanan going to Constantinople
(with the magic words) "On Her Majesty's Service".

23^d. To Sir John Kirkland's bank, where I
got my pay. To the Union bank for circular notes.
To Wheatley and Co. about my baggage.

Off to the Derby. Steele and MacDowall had
left before, I followed. Epsom train running as fast
as filled. Arrived a few minutes before the start of
the race of the day. Curious that I never saw a
horse race before the Derby of 1855. On the mound
saw the race at a distance, consequently lost some
of the excitement of seeing the horses close to the
winning post. "Wild Darvel" the winner. Going
down into the course to look at the horse, met Steele &
MacDowall in the crowd. Remained and saw close at
hand two or three other races. The "road" on going
home amusing. Every species of vehicle from the
Aristocratic Dray to the Coster Monger's cart & beyond.
No precedence, every man for himself. Crowd at
Station so great had to wait a good time. rode home
in a break with a guard and 4 other gentlemen.
Last dinner at Genl. Mac Adam of Glasgow en route to Australia.
Farewell turn of toddy in old Infirmary style.

24th Left for Paris via Folkestone & Boulogne at 11 AM.
 The usual crowd at the station with the addition
 of the Eastern warriors. Although early in the season
 the tourists were plentiful, attracted over by the
 Paris exhibition. But the greatest bustle was caused
 by those going "Bother". Officers of all grades and
 regiments, accompanied by crowds of relatives, taking
 a last farewell. Curious looking uniforms something
 between a policeman's, a private of the fire brigade, and
 an ancient Roman soldier, Members of a new corps,
 Land Transport Army works or some recent formation.
 Piles of luggage, all rolled up in black oil cloth and marked
 on the end with enormous initials, cocked hats in tin
 cases, beds and bedding rolled up into a ball for the foot & &
 But punctually at the hour the bustle ceases and we are
 off just as if it were an ordinary train and did not
 contain the "gallant youth", "country's defenders",
 "England's pride" &c. The first despatch I had to send to
 government was from Folkestone and of rather a humiliating
 kind, being neither more nor less than a certificate that
 I had left the country. It was a receipt, signed by the
 Captain of the steamer, for the body or person of Sir George
 Buchanan, as if I had been a condemned criminal,
 but as I saw the proprietor of the cocked hat getting the
 same kind of paper, I concluded that it was a part of the system

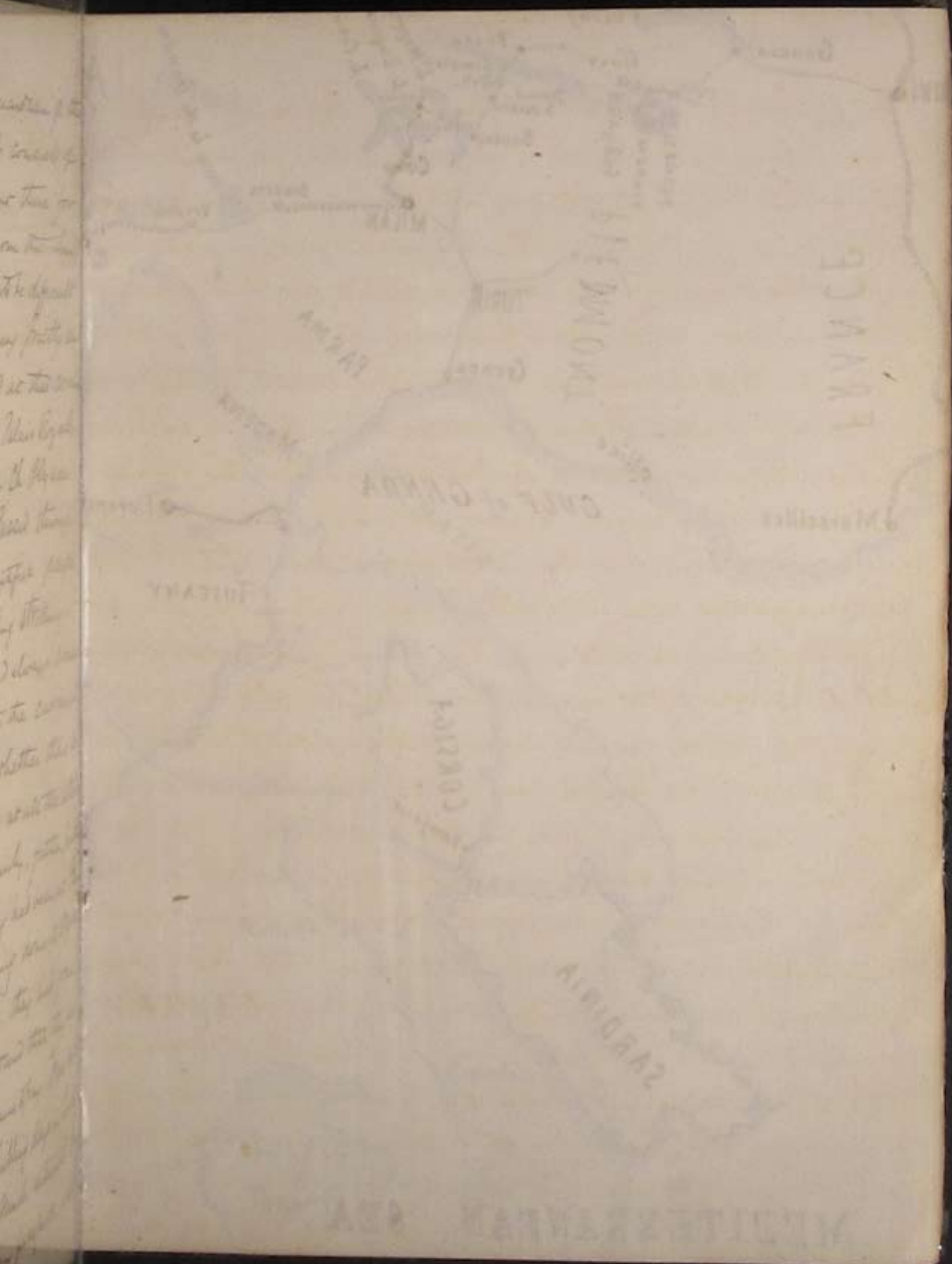
Channel Smooth - Dined at the Station at Boulogne - arrived in Paris at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$, nothing of interest on the way. Two hotels I went to, full - got a room in the H. de Normandie.

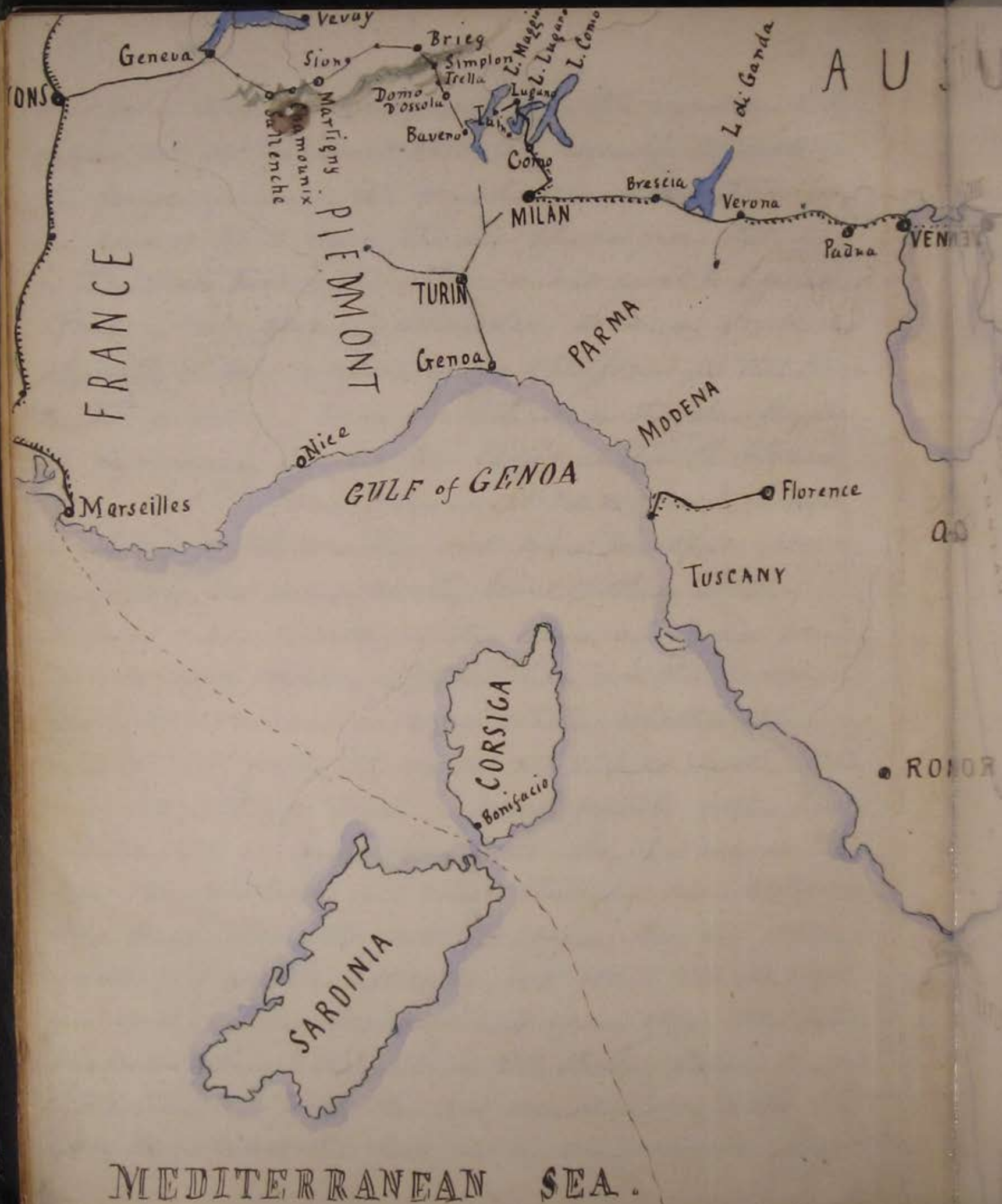
25th Paris. Some Americans at the table at breakfast and some French. General complaints about the exhibition being unfinished and the high rate of admission. It was withering under the depressing influence of the 5 franc regime - The morning was showery but I found myself at the Palais d'Industrie at 12. The 5 francs admission seemed an effectual barrier to the objects of the exhibition for not more than 20 were loitering about. Many of the stands were not yet finished and a number of workmen were hammering and making a row, altogether it appeared a failure for the time. It was not to be named in the same day with the splendid achievement of Hyde Park in 1851 - The weather having cleared I strolled along Champs Elysees - had a bath - then planted myself before the gate of the Tuilleries to await the exit of the Imperial Couple for their drive. The quarter of an hour I had to wait was relieved by watching the skirmishes between two mounted Gen's d'Armes who were posted to keep a clear space, and the cabs and carts passing along the Quais and coming too near the sacred portal. Our patience was at length rewarded by seeing the Imperial phaeton driven by Louis Napoleon.

and containing the Emperor who reclined back and partly concealed his face with a parasol. Every one at once uncovered and both Emperor & Empress bowed repeatedly the Emperor taking off his hat when he passed ladies.

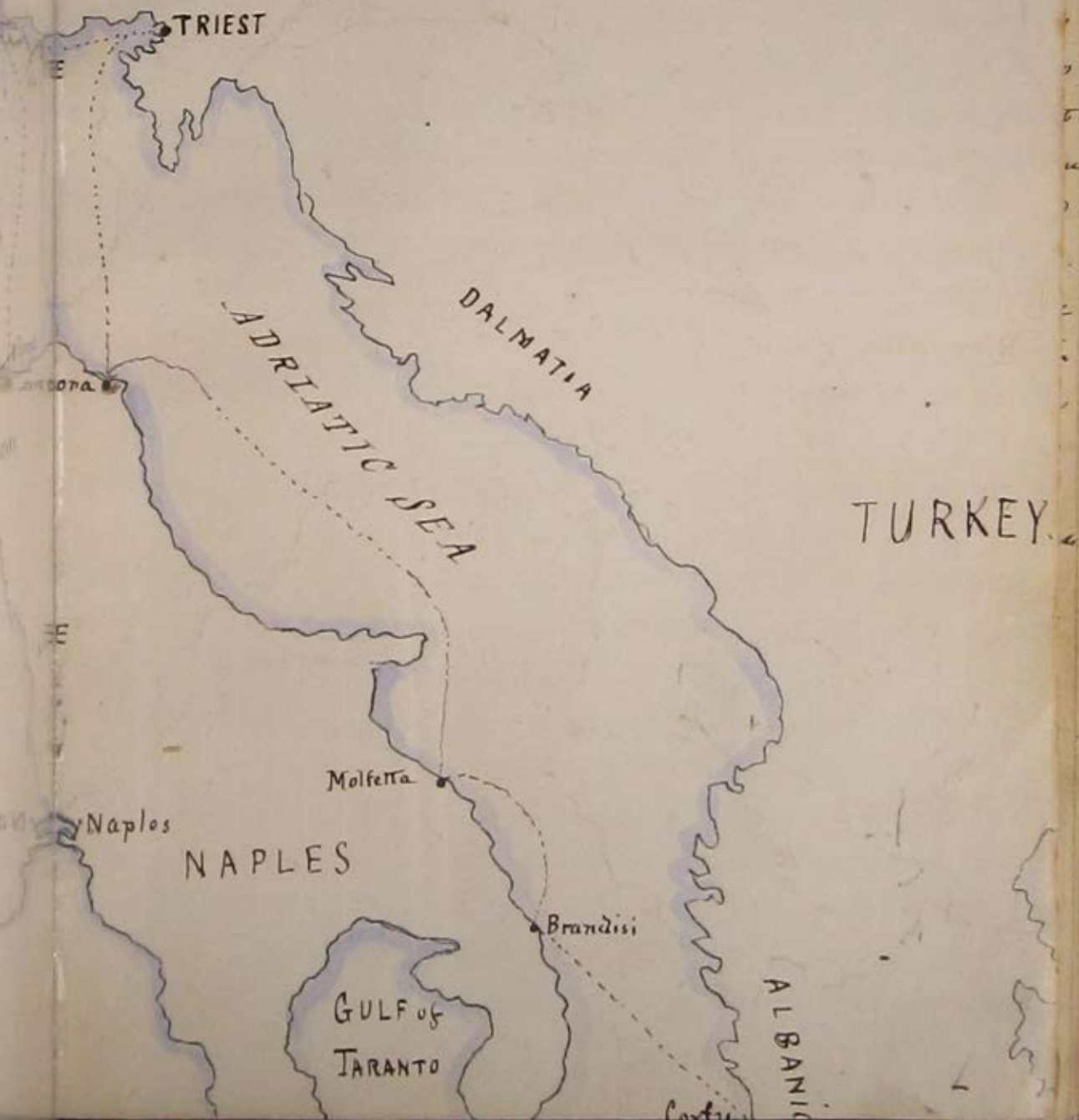
What a change since I had last seen him, although even then he was steady on the rise. It was in the days of the republic - every church, gate, official residence, bureau and even well, was marked with Liberty, Equality, Fraternity - Napoleon was President. I saw him driving through the same gate drive as now and hardly a person went out of the way to see him pass. - On a fine summer afternoon, the gardens of the Tuileries present a sight not to be seen elsewhere. Nothing is more amusing or diverting than to lounge along the allée facing the Rue de Rivoli. I call it the Marche de Dames and it might have a sign up "Obliged wives to be had - on view from 5 till 5. But really the sight of ladies in the handsomest dresses sitting sewing or working - with their daughters grouped round, while the little children are running about, decked out in the queer chamberlain and butterfly-like garments to be seen only on the lids of bonbon boxes, and the bonnes walking up and down with the more infantile part of the population - is of the most lively and interesting description. Papas who have pretty wives & the prospect of sometime go and

Channel & hire for a son the newspaper from the guardian of the
 arrived in chairs, but for the most part the assembly consists of
 hotels I saw the female portion of the family who go out there for
 an hour or two to enjoy the air, shaded from the sun
 at breakfast by the thick trees of the allée - and it would be difficult
 the exhibit to find in one spot any where else, so many pretty animals
 admission. elegantly dressed women as one to be found at that corner
 blunness of the garden - I dined at Richard's in the Palais Royal.
 but I found in the evening to one of the Caffés in the Ch. Olycees
 the 5 franc. 25th - Paris to Lyons at 7 a.m. Passed through
 the objects, a rich and fertile country with some beautiful peeps
 looking a of scenery but being mostly level, nothing striking.
 and a man A great many military in the train and always some
 a row, at delay at each stoppage getting them into the carriage
 it was not they would come out at every station whether there were
 achievements or not. fortunately we did not stop at all the stations
 cleared I saw as it was a through train. A french family, father, mother
 plants or and daughter in my compartment. they had been at Paris
 the exit of to see the exhibition and were returning home to Dijon
 of an hour. Were much disgusted with the affair. they had gone
 skirmishes expecting it would be all ready, but found that they had
 were posts been sold - still unfinished and 5 francs to pay. Were much
 casts pass chagrined when I told them of the shilling days in London.
 the sacred, I told them my destination and were much interested
 by seeing all I know about the East. and see my passports with





TRIA



TRIST

DELAVAN

ARLICK

TURKEY

NAPLES

STANT

VIOLA

the royal arms on it. They could not make out what post I was going to fill, not being apparently able to understand how any one in government employ, much less holding a military appointment, could be permitted to go at large without uniform or badge. When they heard that I was a civilian and volunteer Surgeon they consulted me on the health of their daughter who was with them, and I prescribed the course of treatment I thought applicable. About 1 o'clock we dined at a Station I forget, and here we got one of the few dinners I have got with success in a railway station. There was a great cream to be sure, but then there was plenty to eat and drink and to do them justice the fare was good of the kind. I never saw such a consumption of asparagus. It came in like grass for a cow, and was as speedily consumed. — The french family left at Dijon. Arrived in Lyons about 10 pm.

27th Sunday. To the service in the Eglise Evangélique at 11. Arriving a little before the time I found some knots of people standing about and found they were waiting the dismissal of another congregation, who occupied the same church for service in the English language. — The church soon filled up; the men keeping to one side, the women to the other except at the back. It reminded me much of the church at Lille which I need

I attend. The church is an old quaint building but is well adapted for the purpose. The people were most attentive with the exception of one or two children at the back who were allowed a liberty of egress and ingress inconsistent with our notions of decorum; but I suppose something must be allowed in a country where, in the churches of the National religion, the people go freely in and out during the whole time of service. After the sermon some of the congregation remained and the sacrament was administered - I next went towards the Cathedral where service was going on, and the hummying of the mass, with the becking and bowing of the gaudy priests, the smoking censers, the ringing of bells &c appeared all the more superstitious after the simple but significant ceremony I had just been present at.

Every one who wishes to see Lyons to advantage must ascend the Fourvier. This is an abrupt hill which rises up from the bank of the Rhone - in the town. A steep road winds up the face of the rock and is enclosed by walls as almost to shut out the view until the top is reached. At the lower part are on the side of the street a few houses - principally beer & wine shops but higher up there are no houses.

but every here and there a small picture shop. I was at a loss at first to conceive what wise people place their shops at such a height and in such a lonely place, but a little examination of the pictures showed the reason. The chapel on the top of the hill was a place famed for vows and votive gifts - and contained presents from those who thought themselves benefited by a pilgrimage to it. These little shops were at hand where the devout might buy little crosses, medals, dolls, and pictures to hang up in the shrine of "Our Lady of Fourviere". They were of all sorts of device adapted for those returning thanks for a happy marriage, a child, a friend restored from sickness but these when I went up were quite secondary to the grand object of most of the pictures. They were adapted as gifts for those praying for friends at the war - and curious to relate in almost all, the two foremost figures in every picture were a Zouave and a Highlander supporting each other with the words below "Priez pour nous". The church at the top is very curious, not from anything remarkable in architecture or style but from the immense number of little gifts hanging about it. If one may judge from the nature of

the offerings "Notre Dame de Fourviere" is a popular lady taking especial protection of the poorer classes and a particular favourite of the fair sex; for a great number of the gifts consisted of sewed work like what used to be called "Samplers" containing verses of scripture and thanks for preserving some dear friend or granting some wish which the modesty of the fair donor did not permit her to state publicly - At the top of the hill there is a Caffé and attached to it a tower which adds somewhat to the elevation - from which a very fine view of the city is obtained, cut up so to speak into two parts by the rivers Saône and Rhone. There are several "handsome" places and many fine buildings in Lyons but particular of a City are tedious - The Military band played in the "place" behind our inn and thereafter the population turned out to promenade on the "quais and boulevards" -

28th to Geneva in the diligence of Diligence.

Started at 8 a.m. The road at first runs through a broad and fertile plain bounded by the frontier mountains. Although early, the fields and gardens were in great luxuriance, the blossoms of the fruit trees were most beautiful. It was a most blooming day and although the journey occupied 10 or 11 hours I did

not find it tiresome. Latterly the country became hilly and picturesque and more interesting. We had a conversable Conductor and I had a fellow traveller in the banquettes who was a host in himself - A thorough Frenchman - a young man about my own age. He was quite enthusiastic about the issue of the war and we fraternised cordially. To relieve the tedium of the everlasting jingle of the horse's bells we struck up various martial airs - the "Marseillaise", "Guerre aux tyrans" - British "God Save the Queen" &c. & so embarked the way - Arriving at Geneva at about 6. I went to the Hotel La Couronne - beautifully situated on the banks of the lake. Called at the H. de Reuges & found that the Rev. Mr. Watson had left some days before.

29th Did Geneva. Intrinsically it possesses little interest for a traveller - beautifully situated - and from the hills in the neighbourhood fine peeps of scenery - A good place for one to take a rest, who has been travelling hard, while his linen is being washed for a fresh start. Having a letter of introduction to a family in the vicinity I walked out to the "Commune des Camp Vives" and on a little enquiry soon found out the residence of M. du Mont

who is a retired pastor with whom Mr. McKim of Glasgow at one time boarded. His house is prettily situated on a hill about two miles from Geneva, from which a fine view of the Lake is obtained. The house is quite french and M. & Madame spoke both french and english. They have two daughters the younger of whom was rather pretty and "tres vive". I attended to a plain family dinner after which M. & I had our petit verre and Caffe on the lawn. He is a most amusing and intelligent man but decidedly touched on some points, and he gave me a long harangue on Animal Magnetism on the soul acting on external matter &c. and ended by taking me into his studio, exhibiting an odylometer, and a great many queer things. in fact he was a kind of alchemist and astrologer of the present day — When it grew dark about 9 there was a fête on the lake. A boat full of Musicians rowed about along the shore followed by other boats 20 or 30 with parties in them. When it became dark the boats were all illuminated with colored Chinese lanterns strung from poles and the effect was admirable. These water parties take place almost every week in the summer and they have the effect of keeping up a very superior instrumental band.

30. To Chamouny at 7 A.M. In the bangnettle of the Diligence besides myself were two young Englishmen - one an officer in S. In. Corp. the other a Curate at Windsor. The morning cloudy and dubious. Showers soon came on with fair blinks. Having now got into the mountains the scenery especially in the direction of the Lake very grand - but the haze prevented us seeing it to advantage. In an hour we pulled up at the Sardinian frontier and it was a case of "Douane". As usual the coach was putted and poked, smelt & felt. We were left to kick about for more than half an hour, because some fellow had brought a crate of bonnets and got his invoice made out at half price to avoid full duty. The douaniers ran up to the trick and offered to buy hats at the value contained in the invoice but the merchant hoping to drive a more profitable trade a little further on of course refused. The bonnets were unpacked individually examined and after a great deal of fuss the whole were repacked. a note was taken of the affair and we were at last allowed to jog on - In another hour the sky grew slaty and the rain came down with a will. We smoked - talked - took naps. shut up the bangnettle - read Murray and generally did what travellers do when they wish

the time to pass, and it went. At intervals came a burst of clearness which revealed the rugged mountains and foaming torrent among which we were passing - many of these coming close to the road over the lips of the precipitous rocks along which ~~this~~ it is in many places led. About midday we drew up in the middle of the great street of Bonneville. The horses were taken out and the immovable waggon was left like a milk in the thornbush. Not a soul seemed to have curiosity enough to come out and look at it. So we sat perched up in our bangnettes and took a ~~scare~~ for the only public that the place boasted of was far from inviting. A pocket flask is an invaluable companion in a diligence, and having paid our compliments to it and lighted a cigar we got down from our perch and poked about the corners of the sloppy street. I inspected the public promenade a covered archway where in wet weather the burghers may walk up and down - and accordingly I marched with great perseverance about half an hour to ease my legs which were getting rather cranky. I visited the Church which being R. Catholic is always open - tawdry as usual - nothing to be seen ~~but~~ an old

woman sweeping it out, who in the absence of any spectators did not think it necessary to show the usual reverence to the high place. We are enjoined by Murray to examine the bridge and banks of the furious arve, which we therefore do but after patiently investigating the whole affair, go away without having discovered anything to look at. There is a bridge, a river, and plenty of stones, which are sometimes seen at other places beside Bonneville. Rain again coming on (it had fairied a little) we resort to our nests in the bangueste and roll ourselves in plaids for we get a little damp. By and by the horses are put in and away we jingle. The remainder of the way was in great part lost by us from the fog and rain - we rattled through the old town of Cluses and got into rather wild country which gradually opened up into a wide plain; all along, the road is led along the banks of the arve and we get gradually nearer its source. St. Martin was reached between 4 and 5 and crossing the Arve by a bridge we got to Sallenches about 5. The valley here is broad and flat, and from the bridge it is said that one of the finest views of M. Blanc is to be seen. But we saw nothing but huge banks of mist where the peaks should have been.

We left the diligence here, got a very fine dinner,
 hurriedly of course and at 6 embarked in one of
 the country Chars for Chamouny. The char was
 an amusing change from our staid and sober diligence.
 At the least ascent we all turned out to enable
 the scraggy animal to pull up; while the slightest
 declivity was enough to send him off helter skelter
 the little machine tossing too and fro. incessantly.
 The rain had faded off and the clouds were
 becoming lighter, and we had every prospect of an
 improvement in the weather. The road is very
 grand and beautiful being an almost continuous
 ascent through a steep and rocky pass. Servoz
 the half way station is a beautifully situated spot
 and boasts of two inns, the ascent of the adjoining
 mountain being a favourite excursion from this
 spot. A little after leaving Servoz it became nearly
 dark and the path was no joke to make a false
 step in, for now the cleft in which the Arve
 was boiling down ~~was~~ of frightful depth and the
 road skirts the precipice a few wretched trees and shrubs
 being alone interposed. We came out here to walk
 up the ascent of the Montets a ride over which
 the road is led ~~down~~ into the Val de Chamouny.
 At this time it was quite fair, the clouds



Der Rontblane von St. Martin, gegenüber Salvensch, gesehen.



Hôtel Royal de l'Union in Chamouny.

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Passe des Col de Balme.

were becoming thinner and every now and then a break occurred through which we hailed the pure sky. Just at this time the full moon shone through and on reaching a certain elevation the grand mountain stood before us. The top was enveloped in mists but for an immense height the moon lighted up its pure white sides. In half an hour we were at Chamoury and after getting some tea went to bed. We were at the Hotel de Londres. Very good.

31. The morning was fair, but light fleecy clouds hung about the Summit of the mountain. That projecting shoulder called "the grand mulet" and the tower of the Aiguilles was visible and I don't know of the uncertainty, of how far up into the mist the peak ran, did not add to the sublimity of the scene. The one idea that you have on gazing at Mont. Blanc is that of vastness. The mountain is so near you, that it occupies the whole field of vision and your eyes are sorely dazzled by the brightness of such a mass of white which comes down even into the valley in the broad white sheets - the glaciers. We devoted the day to exploring the neighbourhood of the Mer de glace. We seemed to be alone

in the place. A few names of visitors were in the hotel book. but the season was so backward that few excursions had as yet been made and the guide we engaged would not consent to lead us to any part except what is called the Chapeau. The mer de glace is a mass of ice entirely filling up a valley or gully opening into the vale of Chamouray. It begins high up Mt. Blanc and extends in a winding direction quite to the base. Every peak and flat space in this much frequented spot has received a name, not from any intrinsic beauty & but to indicate some resting place or point of view. In the hotels there is a list of all the accessible points with the exact distance in miles from the inn door and the price of a guide to each. You don't engage a man by the day to help you on the glaciers or to guide you on any kind of deviation you may wish. but you hire a guide to take you to & back any of these spots - just as you would take a return ticket to Campsie Glen.

A talkative man has an incident for every paid and they know every step as a policeman knows his beat. Had the weather been fine a few days before this we would have gone out alone &

asked about the Mer, but the landlord - who seemed
 a good judge - advised us strongly to have a guide
 in consequence of the rain of the last week
 having melted and loosened the ice in many
 parts. We therefore following our guide ascended
 the left side of the gorge towards the Chapeau.
 After all we found that the excursion was safe
 enough: in some few places we had to leave
 the rock at the side and clamber over some
 pieces of crumbling ice, but for the most part
 the ascent though a little trying was quite safe.
 The Chapeau is a point of rock overhanging
 the mer de glace and of course there is a little
 chalet built on the point of it from which the
 view is to be obtained - Where there is a chalet of
 course there is a keeper and the keeper has a
 bottle of wine at your command - well iced of
 course and very agreeable after your walk,
 for in spite of the ice you perspire freely
 in making the ascent. It is not to be expected
 that you could find wine at such an elevation
 without it being high, and accordingly when our
 eyes were feasted with the view and our palate
 with the wine we had to pay $3\frac{1}{2}$ francs for the
 bottle of common ordinaire. The wine could

not have cost twenty sous but then consider that it had to be carried up such a height, beside that the "restaurateur" had to walk 12 miles to give it us, for there being no visitors but ourselves it was not to be expected that he would stay at that uncomfortable elevation: he lived comfortably at Chamouney and hearing that a party were going to make the ascent of the Chapeau had followed us all the way and ran on before just as we were near the top, and had his chalet open and inviting when we climbed on the rock. The excursion was not complete till we walked some distance on the mer. to see the yawning chasms and curious fantastic waves of that celebrated frozen sea. But we did not venture far, for the previous rain had loosened many of the fragments and in its present condition it was hardly safe. Numerous avalanches were coming down on the peaks above, with noises like a clap of thunder. The "mer" at this part is beautifully clear, but lower down is very dirty and not the least like ice, the surface being covered by debris of slate rock brought down by the avalanches. We returned to Chamouney by a different route - passing



Aussicht vom Chapeau im Chamounithal.



Der Bossongletscher im Chamounithal.



Panorama der Montblancette und des Chamounithales von St. Rémy gesehen.

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through a forest we came to the extreme low edge of the glacier from which one of the sources of the Arve takes its rise. There is a grotto in the ice from which the stream - of considerable size - flows. The rivulet flows through a broad, flat, stony bed, of a desolate looking appearance, and many shattered pines lie about, evidently torn down by the torrent when of a large size.

There being no one else at the Hotel we had just table d'hôte but a comfortable and excellent "dinner à trois" after which we sallied out to visit the "glacier des Bossons" without the guide. This is situated on the lower side of the valley, in the opposite direction from the Mer de glace. With a few directions we easily found our way but there is a forest of fir and birch. There is a foot path up most of the way as it is a favourite place for tourists. We were not however to be left to the excursion alone for on getting a good way up we were persuaded by a little girl entreating us to hire her Alpenstock. Soon another mysterious appeared, then a grown woman then more girls till we had a suite of 5 or 6 females all leading the way and requesting to have the favour of being guide across the glacier. The road was so plain

that there was not the least pretext for a guide but on reaching a flat part of the glacier where we proposed to cross to the opposite side - just for a walk on the ice; they produced little plates of iron with spikes projecting from them, and straps attached to fix them to the soles of the shoes. So we yielded to our fate - allowed them to fix the clamps on our shoes, took their alpenstocks, and the whole party set off on the ice. They kept the feet from slipping on the ice - but mine were so loose that they twisted round from the soles to the side of my shoes, so they rather encumbered me as otherwise - Having crossed the glacier, which is here of exceeding purity, we took off our pedal appendages, gave some butter to the gobs and descended the opposite side through the stony bed of a stream which was then nearly dry, but the shattered pines and huge boulders lying about showed what a torrent it sometime is. We had two miles, in some of this walk, and being in this rough and irregular water course it was excessively fatiguing, often nearly twisting the ankles - After tea when it grew dark we sat at the inn door watching the drifting thin clouds skimming over the aiguilles, and -

the moon lighting up the various icy peaks of the mountain. Some guides prognosticate a change for the better tomorrow, saying it is sure to be perfectly clear, so we retire early in hopes of having a fine morning for an early start.

June.

June 1st When we rose at 6 this morn. we found the sky cloudless. The peak of the mountain stood out perfectly clear against the deep blue background. the whole of the giant of the alps was full in our view for the first time. Although we had seen it distinctly as far as the Aiguille yet I would not have missed the more clear and exquisite view of today — I had sent my portmanteau from Geneva to Martigny by the diligence and was encumbered with nothing but my little knapsack, intending to make my way on foot from Chamouny & Martigny over the pass of the "Tête Noire". The two companions seemed not to be aware of the nature of the route and had brought their baggage with them but hearing that I was going to walk today by the above way, they hired a mule to carry their portmanteaus so that they might come on to Martigny. The beast of burden was got and after a little contrivance the whole of their baggage was strapped on the mule's back.

It was not very heavy, but consisted of a number of "pieces" and these had to be piled up in a sort of pyramid the top of which was decorated with the black hat of the Curate! I need not say that it did not retain that position long so it was tied to one of the shafts with a bit of string and dangled about, to the serious damage of the edges and brim. The first part of the road was along the valley of Chamonix to Argentière a pretty little village nearly at the top of the vale. The green sword was radiant with wild flowers which sparkled in the sun refreshed by the late rain. We called a halt at Argentière to get some breakfast. The people at the chalet which was dignified with the title of Hotel de St. Blanc were still in bed, but a little hallooing got them up. It was a miserable place and as the only room they had was the one that had just been occupied as the sleeping apartment of four men we told them to get coffee as quick as they could while we set to work ourselves, got a table & some chairs hoisted out of the green turf and sat patiently till they got something ready. The coffee smelt strongly of turf smoke so we kept to the milk eggs and bread & honey on which

we made a good meal. We now commenced the ascent of the ridge which divides Chamonix from the Val Ossine - passing through some scattered chalets called the village of Trelévan we got to the highest part of the pass. Here the snow was still lying - the heat not having yet been strong enough to melt it. This pass has only been open for a few days, and we were the first tourists to cross it. The snow was a little caked with the rain so that we did not sink in, it was strong enough in most places to support a considerable weight on the surface. even the mule had footing enough. In some parts however it was softer and occasionally the surface broke and our feet slipped in sometimes up to the knee, when it was a business to get fairly out. At these parts the poor mule came off worse. She slipped in often to her haunches, and made a great floundering in the snow and would many times have inevitably stuck fast if the muleteer had not engaged a peasant to accompany us over the drift. When the animal sunk up to the belly it was a queer sight, only the body and head ~~of the~~ being visible the legs concealed in the snow. When the beast was in that trying

situation the muleteer pulled at its head while
 the peasant planting himself firmly behind seized
 hold of the tail and they extracted the mule
 by sheer force. Sometimes they were foiled, the
 snow being too soft to afford a proper footing
 and then they had to set to work and dig out
 the animal by removing the snow about it to a
 considerable depth. After passing the snows
 cut the road leads down to the valley of the
 Can Noire a wild and bleak glen in the bottom
 of which is the village of Val Orsine. close to which
 the rapid torrent slopes down. This village and
 especially the church has been frequently dam-
 aged by the violence of the stream and some
 protection has been built in the shape of a
 strong bank of masonry. We again ascend
 along the side of a mountain towards a huge
 precipitous mass of rock which projects like a
 bastion into the valley. Here the road consists
 of a ledge cut for the most part in the
 steep sides of the hill and in some parts where
 it is too precipitous galleries are formed in the
 rock. The view from the precipitous projecting rock
 is very grand; and down in the depths of the
 hollow the streams of the Can Noire and Frient



Mer de Glace vom Montanvert gesehen.



La Balme Neuve auf dem Enggryp L'Éte noire.



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may be heard boiling and foaming as they rush
 before pouring conjointly into the Rhone. This
 part of the road is called the "Tête Noire".
 No sooner have we reached this elevation
 than passing through a dense forest we
 begin to descend again into the valley of Trient.
 Before doing so however we called a halt
 at an Auberge where we gave the Mulet
 a rest and a feed, and did the same kind
 of things for ourselves. The valley of Trient is very
 different from the one we had just left. ~~The~~
 is fertile and green - the other barren and
 rocky. Trient is gradually sloping, the side
 clothed with the richest verdure while the
 stream of Trient takes its course through a
 series of beautifully wooded banks. At a consider-
 able distance from the river on the right side
 the rocks become precipitous but it is only
 at the higher part of the valley that it
 assumes the fearful character of that of Santhia.
 The village of Trient is prettily placed on the
 richest part of the valley on the slope of the
 Forclaz Mountain. From the first snowy pass
 till this point the path had been practicable
 for charr but again it became a footpath.

It is led up the green slopes of the Forel, which were brilliant with wild flowers and we lay and rested in the Sunshine to give our poor mule some time to make up on us. We saw the poor brute below toiling up with its pack hobnobbing to us - We had now got done with climbing and commenced walking briskly on a level previous to making the final descent. Having rested after our last mount, we were walking briskly along when we heard a man hallooing to us with might and main. We could not conceive what he wanted but on nearer inspection we found as he came over the field where he had been digging that he wore the uniform of a Swiss soldier. All of a sudden we perceived that we were entering the domain of Switzerland a second time out of Savoy and of course we must produce our Passports to this agricultural douanier. But this was not enough - he must put a dab of ink on them, and a complicated process this was. The ink had to be looked for and the government stamps and meanwhile would we be seated. While the old gentleman was engaged in putting

the "timbre" on the documents his little girls came up with bunches of violets & daisies and of course we forked out a few batzen. Having performed his duty the Roumain accepted of a dram from my flask, and bidding us bon voyage demanded a franc each for his visa. This was the only time I had ever paid for a police visa or any but a consul's, but I suppose the poor chap had nothing to live on but the few tolls he could pick up -

The descent from the Forclaz to Martigny is along the richest fields - It is generally gradual but in some places quite steep. The path runs through rich pasturage sheltered by most luxuriant trees - As we get down the fields yield to orchards and gardens and the bottom of the fruit blossoms is most delightful. Half way down the valley of the Rhone comes on the view; and you see the huge flat plain stretching away in the distance with the river like a stream of quicksilver glistening in the sun, while the huge peaks of the Alps crowned with snow shut it in on all sides. We were fatigued when we reached Martigny which we did

about 6 o'clock having been nearly 12 hours on the way allowing some time for rest and refreshment. I here parted from my two companions who were returning to Geneva by another route. We dined comfortably and I went out to take my seats in the Diligence for the Simplon. I found my portmanteau at the office and engaged the man at the bureau to come and rouse me if I did not make my appearance when the vehicle came up. As I was to travel all night I returned to the hotel and taking a thorough wash tumbled into bed about 8 and was soon at rest.

2. According to order was roused at a little before 12 midnight. While dressing I heard at a distance the jingle-jingle of the harnesses of the diligence horses - and going out I got to the bureau just as that conveyance drew up. I found the sole occupant asleep at full length on the seat and as it was a coupe' diligence I was under the necessity of rousing him up to get in. Of course he was crabbed at being roused but grunting a bon nuit he soon was asleep. Trenching myself in the

opposite corner I followed his example. The first part of the journey the road is carried along the valley of the Rhone to the town of Poney on the Swiss side of the Simplon, passing through the town of Sion or Sitten and several smaller towns and villages. My notions of the road are of rather a hazy and filmy nature. I slept constantly for the first few hours, at least I had the sort of interrupted doze that one calls sleep in a coach. Wakening up ~~at Sion~~ and getting out at Sion, where the postillon and a stableman were going through the process of disentangling the "chevaux" from the complicated network with which these animals are attached to the vehicle, I had leisure to stretch my legs and see, by a grey dingy light, that we were in a large town; but at that early stage of the day, not a soul was stirring, but the hostler above alluded to. It was very cold, turning out of a diligence in the middle of the night after a disturbed nap, so neither I nor the other "inside" felt inclined to be communicative, but reascending the Coupe we composed ourselves as before to rest. But the charm was broken and the grizzly daylight, as well as curiosity to see where we were going, kept me awake.

We seemed to be rolling along a broad and expanded
 plain bounded on each side by high mountains.
 In the middle of the valley flowed the Rhone which
 here was broad and deep, rushing along with
 considerable rapidity but comparative smoothness.
 The road is on the right bank of the river &
 the mountain sometimes approaches it, but
 usually there is a considerable flat between -
 Numerous torrents flow down from the hills toward
 the river and these always carry along with
 them debris of the slate rocks among which
 they force their way, so that as you pass them
 you seem to be crossing a perfect wilderness
 of slate stones. These torrents are so numerous
 that in some parts the whole valley is over-
 spread with the debris they bring down and
 consequently has a most desolate aspect. To
 add to this dismalness the morning appeared
 heavy and cloudy and at an early hour the
 threatening rain began to fall - or rather we
 seemed to be making our way into a region
 where there had been rain for some time -
 For as we advanced the rain came on apace
 the fields were flooded - the streams over-
 ran their banks the Rhone was on a high

level, and the fields of standing corn, especially the barley and rye which were a considerable height, were completely laid, utterly ruined by the storms of rain which had fallen for a while before. A series of these cheering scenes presented themselves the whole morning, with little variation except pulling up at a roadside station or little village to change horses, where the dripping cattle were released from their harness; when, shaking their bells, as much as to say "we've had enough of that for a day", they instinctively made their way to the stable, and crouching closely together they pressed their noses against the door, until the fresh martyrs were appended to the lumbering vehicle.

It is not a cheering mode of conveyance, is a diligence on a wet day, especially when that day begins at midnight and you have the prospect of occupying the same seat for 48 hours. I was precious glad when we got to Porey, principally because we were to breakfast there, which would also be a break in the day. My impressions of Porey are vague, very vague, because as it was pouring of rain, they were formed from the view obtained from the inn door, consisting of-

the sheet with the diligence, horseless, standing in the middle, and a tobacco shop ~~over~~ the way. Murray says it stands on a sunny slope, but neither the Sun nor the slope were visible to me. I here made the acquaintance of my fellow traveller. He was a native of a village near Simphon, a commercial traveller of a French house, and was on his way to visit his parents.

We soon got breakfast in the inn and allowing a little time for a rest we prepared to start again. Before leaving however we got rather ominous news. They said, at the inn, that it had been raining almost incessantly for a week, that on the top of the pass the snow was still deep, that no diligence had passed for eight days and that the letters had been carried across by a peasant on foot, and one or two days he had not been able to make out the journey and had to stay at one of the refuges on the mountain, that the diligence had tried it two days before, but had to come back to Brieg, the mountain being quite impassable. They advised us strongly not to attempt it, but to stay quietly in the inn at Brieg till the weather cleared, when we might cross in safety. I was quite ignorant of this

nature of the road but I determined, if the Con-
 ductors were going to try his luck with the
 diligence, I would continue on with him. The
 other traveller did the same. We got in to a
 diligence of a different make from that we
 had been in, lighter and easier to pull - an
 article like a post chaise with a hooded pig
 pinned on to the front of it - to which no less
 than five horses were attached. Lighting our
 cigars we had a quiet puff until we reached
 the beginning of the ascent of the Simplon then
 we came out and walked for a while, the
 rain having now cleared away and even a few
 shagging rays of the sun come through - The
 celebrated pass of the Simplon is one of such
 grandeur that it would not be lost time to write
 an itinerary of that single road. Each turn pre-
 sents some new aspect of scenery and new objects
 of wonder. As a triumph of engineering skill
 each yard has a history. 30 000 men were em-
 ployed on it at one time - there are 611 bridges over
 streams and ravines, 20 houses of refuge, 10 tunnels
 and galleries besides all sorts of embankments and
 terraces of solid masonry. However these are
 statistics not impressions of what I saw.



After nearly an hour's walking we had reached a considerable elevation and had outstripped the diligence a good way so we sat down to admire the view. The road here winds along the face of the mountain the one side being a precipice of frightful depth. On carefully glancing down the terrible chasm the foaming waters of the Salting are seen gushing among the ragged masses of slate rock which impede their progress at the bottom & looking back we see the broad valley of the Rhone spread out at our feet with the towns we had been passing through, while the serpentine river divides it away up at the head of the ravine which we have little more than entered, and high overhead we see the course of our road which seems there to be entering the clouds, hanging as they do on the top of the mountain — Soon the rain came on again and on looking up the clouds and mountain seemed to be mingled up in one immense mass of grey water. Through that forbidding melange of snow and rain we must pass, but there is no help for it. We mount into the diligence again and on we get. Sopping, drenched, cold, miserable, I began to wish I had

waited at Brig so that I might see the Simpson
 in fair weather - however "Allons". The horse
 plod on, a constant pull up an incline, for
 the road is well made and gradual. As we
 mount up, the rain increases, the distant objects
 disappear from view, being replaced by dingy mist,
 and soon even the valley becomes indistinct
 and nothing was to be seen but such an encouraging
 prospect as Noah might have seen any morning
 on lifting his window to see how the weather was.
 At refuge No 2 the road changes its direction for it
 has to enter the valley of Gauthier, which stands
 at right angles to that which we wind along. This
 is to enable the road to cross the ravine at the
 head of the valley and thus gain the opposite
 side. Along this valley the road is more level, but
 is often out of repair from the falls of snow and
 stones in rainy weather. The third refuge
 "Beresal" is an inn and a few chalets where some
 of the work people employed on the road, live.
 Here we found the snow lying in some places
 nearly a foot thick, a sign that we were
 pretty high. Here we changed horses and took
 5 good strong animals - Some half dozen men
 with shovels and levers followed us near.

Above Brie the road is steeper and very heavy for the horses. On winding out of the valley of Gauthier on to the shoulder of the Simplon the scene was most forbidding - The rain still fell in torrents and little cascades were every few yards spouting on to the road, loosening the stones and making the horses' footing very difficult.

Besides we had now far beyond the region of vegetation; bleak rocks on every side, and on the side of the road next the mountain heaps of snow were lying, the rain making little impression on it. It was bitterly cold and we were fain to wrap as much as we could on us. A little higher affairs got worse; the snow collected in huge banks on the steep sides of the mountain above the road, begins to slip down towards the road, and by the time we reached refuge N° 4 several avalanches of small size had fallen over the road. When we got up to these, the men who had followed us, cleared away some of the larger stones which had been rolled down by the snow, and then by main force hauled the diligence over the heaps. At this refuge we got some more men some of whom went before as pioneers, to clear away the

obstacles, while others remained to help the diligence when like to stick. It was not a pleasant prospect - we still saw the road a long way before us, and at the top it seemed to be entering a continuous field of snow. and here were avalanches falling down on the road every short distance. What if one came on the diligence! It would be overturned in a moment and tipped over the precipice. Pleasant! A little higher the snow deepened and now the road ~~had been~~ cut in it - We passed through two walls of snow which came up to the windows. If the rain should cause them to fall in, the wheels would be irrecoverably clogged, and the diligence would be stuck fast - On we go, the horses flogging away and after a very tough bit snorting and coming to a stand to recover breath. Now we come to a part where the slope on the hill-side of the road is so steep, that a gallery is constructed, to ward off the avalanches - a tunnel composed of the trunks of trees laid sloping over the road resting on very strong walls. We plunge through this and emerge among the snow at the opposite side. At refuge



No 5 we found three small waggon, consisting of nothing but two planks laid on the axle of the four wheels, a rude and primitive kind of vehicle but very light and well adapted for carrying loads across that steep road. The owners had stopped at the rapese for a rest to themselves and their horses.

Here we pulled up a little, to enquire the prospects of passing the Summit of the pass. We found that the waggons were waiting until the road was cleared of the debris of an avalanche which had fallen some hundred yards on, and that this was of so large size that we would require to wait an hour at least before we could move on. We therefore came out of the diligence and entered the refuge. This is a mere stone building without any pretence at furnishing. It is occupied by the wife & family of one of the roadkeepers, who keeps a small supply of coarse provisions for the use of any storm stricken traveller. There are two floors; the lower being an earthen floored place where the tools of the workers are kept and some benches are arranged for resting. The upper is a decent room with a table and stools and a sort of stove where some victuals can be cooked. I found the waggons at some sour looking wine and as

there was no brandy to be had, I got in some wine and a bit of 5 or 6 days bread and made a scum of a very humble description. It was most intensely cold but by crouching in to the stone a little heat could be got. However it was a great comfort to have got the shelter and wine -

- Going over these passes in summer, one often wonders what ~~is~~ really the use of the Convent of St Bernard and the little refuges built every few miles along the Simplon. I used to consider them the romantic remnants of a time when travelling was more slow and dangerous; but now I was keenly alive to their use. Here in the month of June, the post diligence was arrested by an avalanche, and we could not have moved on unless it were cleared away. Along the Simplon there are relays of men, who live in these huts whose duty it is to keep the road in repair. And sometimes they have to work hard all night in opening up a piece which has been blocked up by an avalanche or broken down by a sudden burst of water. Each gang of men have a certain part of the road to work at but on an occasion like this when the road has been impassible for a week and the diligence was

making an effort to make the transit - the men of one part assisted those of another, accompanying the coach on its way - Looking out of the window of the refuge, the prospect was dreary in the extreme, and a good way up the pass I could see the gang of men labouring hard with shovels, removing a perfect mound of snow and sand, and some with levers prising immense masses of rock which had been detached, and plunging them over the precipice into the unfathomable depths of the gorge below - Our patience was well nigh exhausted, we had waited nearly two hours in the cold, dingy, dreary building, when they came down to tell us that at last we might go on. They had cleared away the most and would tug the machine over what remained. The horses were got out of a shed provided for such occasions, and we got inside again; and rolling myself in my plaid I prepared for a cold, bleak night of it. The rain was still lashing down enough to blind the driver but. Crrrr, Eio, Heigh labas - the horses give a start and we move up the road again. We had not gone a few yards when a great shouting was heard, and two men came run-

ning down, from the refuge farther up, telling us
 that it was no use trying to get on, that an
 avalanche had fallen near the hospice which
 would take all night to clear away, that others
 were coming down on all sides and we could
 by no means cross the summit that night.
 What was to be done? The people at the refuge
 advised the Conductor to put about at once
 and get down with all speed back to Berisal,
 where there was stabling and food for the horses.
 As for the travellers they could shift for themselves,
 they could lie on the floor of the refuge or if they
 preferred could roll themselves in plaids and en-
 sconce themselves in the diligence, and meat, there
 was the sour wine and some hard biscuits. Thus
 hearing that there was no chance of reaching
 the convent on the top, we added our voices to
 the others at once, the more so as some avalanches
 were beginning to slip down on the road, below
 where we were and in a little time we might
 be confined, between those above and below,
 to the miserable refuge for perhaps days -
 These things considered the Conductor gave
 the word, the diligence was slewed round and
 we began to move down at a pace something

different from that at which we had crawled up. The truth is that the rapidity was frightful and when we came to some of the snow heaps the diligence heaved and swung as if it would be pitched over the brink of the rock. However no accident occurred and we got to Berisal all safe and sound about 3 o'clock. Berisal or the third refuge is a cluster of buildings at the head of the valley of Gauthier before spoken of, so that from it you look down to that part of the road which diverges from the Simpson, making a detour into the Gauthier, in order to cross it by a high bridge at its upper part where its width is reduced to a manageable size.

The principal buildings are the inn and parish church the services in which are performed by the monks of the Augustine convent on the top of the pass. The Post house or inn is a plain unpretending place and consists of two buildings separated by the road but communicating by a bridge from 2^d floor to that on the opposite side. We got our portmanteaus from the diligence into the public room a good sized clean cold apartment. The host a cheery pleasant man did all he could to make us comfortable; got a huge fire of wood

kindled on the hearth, piled up logs & heat and prepared for adding to the pyre and ordered dinner to be got ready without delay. We had just got ourselves into capital heat when the viands appeared and really the fare was excellent and capitally cooked - I had no conception that in such an outlandish place, away from all markets and shops, we could have been so well served - After dinner we had some bot and a cigarette and the host joined us while we sat cozily at the blazing fire. He was a decidedly superior man and had very keen ideas of the politics of the day and especially of the adjoining country of Sardinia. Speaking of the cause of our detention he told us it was very many years since the Simplon was impassable at that time of the year, but from certain appearances he thought there was a prospect of better weather tomorrow, so much so that the road workers, in considerable numbers, had gone on to clear away the debris, and expected to make it passable by midday. Tea was a refreshing meal to me but my french friend did not seem to relish it much. At an early hour I closed this long day by retiring to rest, being conducted by

the landlord himself across the bridge to the new house over the way, where I was surprised again with the extreme neatness and tidiness of my room - Everything was white as snow, and such a clean looking bed! how refreshing to jump into such an inviting couch, instead of coiling oneself in the corner of a diligence.

3^d When I opened my eyes late in the morning, the Sun was shining into my chamber. The desolate scene of yesterday was glowing in the glad sunshine, everything was still except the swollen stream rushing down the ravine. After the fury of the day before, the quietness and beauty of the morning seemed a suitable acknowledgment of the sacredness of today. It is Sunday. The church bell began to ring and some of the peasants living along the pass, began to assemble in the church beside us. The conductors assisted at the services - I had breakfast with my fellowtravellers and then we strolled out to look about us. It was cold yet, for a good deal of snow was on the ground, but it was fine clear, bracing weather, like a Scotch spring day.

As we could not start till midday, I did not go far, but returned to the inn and sat and read, and wrote home for an hour or two. About 12

tance by the icy peaks of the Bernese Oberland
 which form the northern boundary of the Valley
 of the Rhone. I relished it all the keener in
 contrasting it with the gloomy aspect it pre-
 sented the day previously - The portion of road
 from the 5th refuge to the Summit is a succession
 of wonders - Here the pass reaches the height
 of 6500 ft and at this season the snow lies very
 deep - The road in many parts ~~is~~ cut out of
 a bank of snow at least 10 ft deep - We whirled
 along between two walls of snow, which were on
 each side higher than the roof of the diligence,
 and no farther separate than just to admit the
 body of the coach, so that sometimes owing to
 the slipperiness, the wheels were driven into
 the mass and threatened to undermine it and
 overwhelm us. In consequence of the danger of
 this part, there are several places of safety, in
 a small distance, galleries, refuges and tunnels.
 Near ^{the} top a glacier overhangs the road and here
 the danger is at its highest, for while avalanches
 and shoots of rock threaten the road from above;
 the torrents which rise from the glacier are con-
 stantly tending to undermine it and eat it away
 from below. To guard off these dangers at the

It coming to a stand still here, and it was amus-
 ing to watch the various projects put into force
 to get it over the obstruction. Two extra horses
 had been sent down, to help in case of need. The
 roadmen had not had time to clear all away
 and a heap of rubbish still remained. They
 first tried to haul the vehicle over the debris
 by sheer force, but it would not come. The pas-
 senger had come out to watch the manoeuvres,
 but seeing it was to be a longer business than
 he at first anticipated, he came on, on foot,
 to the inn, where we got and gave news of our
 respective adventures. He was a young genteel
 looking man - seemed a good deal knocked up and
 glad of a break in the journey. It was now time
 for a bit of lunch which we took together; and about
 twelve o'clock they had hauled up the diligence to the
 inn, put our luggage all into the same one, and
 soon we set off together to accomplish the crossing.
 We retraced our steps of the day before up to the
 fifth refuge - but what a different sight! Though
 the road runs along a wild and barren mass
 of rock, the view towards and beyond the opposite
 side of valley bounded by the Simplon, is of the
 most glorious kind. Confined as it is in the dis-

tence by the icy peaks of the Bernese Oberland
 which form the Northern boundary of the Valley
 of the Rhone. I relished it all the keener in
 contrasting it with the gloomy aspect it pre-
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 stantly tending to undermine it and eat it away
 from below. To guard off these dangers at the

Most prominent parts several galleries are constructed, one of which in particular is most admirably adapted for the purpose. It is a huge tunnel of strong mason work, one wall of which is built on the edge of the precipice, the other rests against and is continuous with the mountain. The roof is stone work strongly arched and continued up into the slope of the mountain, so that the cataracts which are continually streaming down from the plain, are continued over the roof, and fall in cascades over the precipice. In some places the torrents cannot be conducted over the roof having burrowed to a lower level, and would thus tend to burst into the tunnel; but here the streams are carried in a watercourse below the tunnel which at these parts is both an aqueduct and a bridge. As the gallery is of considerable length, holes are left on the off side for windows, and as you look out it is curious to see a cascade falling over, under which you are driving, while below the wheels a huge torrent is foaming. In such weather as we had it is impossible that the archway should be dry, a considerable quantity of snow and water and slush, being swept into

it by the storm. It was nearly dark in it, and poor horses made a fearful splashing among the wet stuff as they floundered through. At the other side of this passage we met the diligencé from Simplon and we were cheered with the news that the road though heavy was quite passable. Before we reached the top of the pass I got out into the cabriolet place (the hooded gig position) for a better view, where I was planted between the conductor and a jolly fat monk, who was getting a drive home from the service at Rerisal. He seemed a nice benevolent man and the road people paid him respect as we passed with all apparent sincerity. He belonged to the Augustine convent built at the top of the pass, for the shelter of storm-struck travellers. We soon came to this convent which is situated on a kind of barren plateau of considerable extent forming the highest part of the pass. The convent is a large square plain building a little bit back from the road, where a few monks reside and where benighted travellers can have accommodation till they can pass on. They have a few of the St Bernard dogs, but rarely require to employ them except as companions. One of these

huge animals came out to welcome home his Master the monk. One of the men came out with a glass of wine to us which was very acceptable. I presume it was a kind of donneur from the monk for the cast he had got. A little farther on a tall desolate looking square tower, stands a little below the road. It is a melancholy looking object seeming to be standing sentry over the fields of snow which surrounded it. The whole of the plateau over which we now passed was an uninterrupted sheet of white and thus the 3^d of June.

This tower we were passing was the original hospice before the present more commodious and comfortable house was built. Having reached the culminating point of the Simplon we began the descent.

The first part is of little interest sweeping down a desolate and snow clad valley at the bottom of which we again entered the region of vegetation. Tufts of grass began to appear then dwarf shrubs at last trees, till when we reached the little village of Simplon we found a rather prettily wooded little glen at the upper part of which is placed the "clachan". Here the diligence rested a bit and the three voyageurs had dinner while the snowy air of the mountain had appeased

as for. Expecting the diligence today, and hoping to see the accumulated passengers of a week, they had a good spread to which I for one did all justice.

From Simplan to Kella the road again becomes wild and grand and one of the noblest monuments of engineering skill, known before the era of railways. But this is combined with natural scenery of the sublimest character. The road soon enters the gorge of Gondo, at first an open valley, but soon as the path farther down the becomes deeper, the sides fall in and it is converted into a narrow slit bounded on each side by perpendicular faces of the breasting rock. At the bottom between these two natural walls roars and boils a gushing torrent, which is broken up into a thousand fantastic cascades, and lashes itself into a continual foam, again so rapped fragments which have been broken off from the rock and fallen into the watercourse. There is no room space along which a road could be carried through this gorge but a ledge has been scarped along the face of the perpendicular rock and where necessary it has been tunnelled, and when one side offers more facilities than another the road is carried across a bridge, so that it is on both

sides of the river Doveria according to the nature of the ground. At one part the rock almost seems to close up the defile standing out like a dead wall across the cleft, but here a tunnel of 500 ft. has been cut in the hardest of stone. In crossing one of these bridges spoken of you get a fair view of this sublime scene; you see away up into the chasm out of which you have come, Overhead then you see a strip of blue sky between the precipices, this encroached upon by trees which grow on the ledges. Waterfalls and cascades dance round you in every direction so that on more than one occasion we had to pull up the window to prevent a rather inquisitive one from drenching us - altogether it is one of the grandest scenes that could be imagined.

~~then~~ Sella a little village is the frontier of Sardinia and here we had to dismount and show our passports. The douanier when he saw my passport returned it at once and would not allow me to open my trunk - "Vous êtes en règle". Said he. The trunk is since the war by an Sardinian which before was one of the most annoying to a traveller in a free country to an Englishman and Frenchman.

But not so with the young man who joined us in the morning. He was an Austrian and although

he had the police signatures all right, he was a long
 time in getting his matters settled and ended by paying
 four francs for a visa. Then he had to show all his
 boxes which the others were spared. He was pretty
 in a great wrath. It took up an hour at least.
 Near Isella great ravages have formerly taken
 place by the fury of the torrent and a fearful
 tempest in 1834 but most traces of that are now
 gone and new bridges replace those formerly and
 more lately swept away. It was far on in the day
 when we reached the lower part of the Val Vedro
 down which the road is led. The change from the
 barrenness of the alpine pass was gradually breaking
 on our view; the richest verdure was taking the place
 of rugged barren rocks and eternal snows, but I was
 not prepared for the glorious view which burst
 on us as we swept out of the Val Vedro into
 the superb Val D'Issola. The sun was just about
 to set and its last rays were gilding the rich
 valley. Italy in all its enchantment lay spread
 out below. The trees with most luxuriant foliage
 and in full blossom, the vine with its graceful
 leaf looped or trellised from Mulberry to Mulberry.
 Indian corn in its freshest and most luxuriant stage
 hillsides clothed with the most brilliant green,

Numerous villas, and villages with their white
 houses and red tiled projecting eaves, tall square
 towers, and windows with blinds or curtains hanging
 outside. I recognised Italy as plainly as if I had
 been all my life in it. Nor did the enchantment
 end with the distant view: for as we descended
 the valley in a serpentine direction, we got a
 nearer view of the objects around. What a different
 thing an Italian vine is from a Rhemish. These
 the vineyards are like staked pease. Here there are
 no vineyards alone. The vines are looped from tree
 to tree or from pole to pole so as to assume the most
 graceful shape, and a field which is covered with
 these festoons seems a garden of natural wreaths.
 Every cottage we passed had something Italian about it and
 the gardens were glowing with the richest flowers.
 And the people; there was no mistaking that eye,
 dark and gleaming from beneath the long eyelashes -
 the slightly brown complexion - the gait - the dress,
 the handkerchief bound round the head; the laughing
 archness - "there is Murillo" we say at once. Nor is the
 delight and excitement lessened as we sweep along
 the valley and enter the town Domo d'Ossola.
 Hastily ordering tea we hurry out and lounge about,
 not that there is anything particular to see, but it

is so delightful to recognise Italy. We knew it familiarly, the Austrian and I. (The other man had left us at Bella). I know that girl as well as if she was an intimate friend. Her eyes are the well known eyes of the Madonna. That Mantilla the hood shading the face, is an old friend. It ~~does not~~ sweep the ground as that of an English dame, but is short enough to show the contour of the foot and ankle. There is something jaunty in that leisurely step; she knows she is a beauty - I declare here comes my friend an only Italian priest, on a donkey by jove. "Pax vobiscum" "A pleasant evening to you" - Beware of that Mule with the pasciers; he's coming as straight as a railway and woudnt budge for the King. There's garlic in these baskets, the Mule woud knock down a horse in our Country. Bologna Sausages, by the powers! Here we are! in Italy - What lazy dirty looking fellows are these, lying about under the archways which cover all the pavements, loitering about the colonnades, some sleeping, some smoking, some staring, all idling away the evening? Dark skinned fellows, with a wicked eye - handsomely made though - they woud do for common place brigands in a play, if they were cleaner. Ha! the Lazzaroni to be sure! enjoying the "dolce far niente".

We continued about till it was dark and were very impertinent, peering into every place, as if we were looking for some lost friend. This day is evidently a "Festa religiosa" for the people seemed to remain long in the streets waiting for something, we did not know what, to eventuate. If they usually linger as long out of doors, in groups of walkers + talkers they must be little in the house. It was fortunate for us that they did so for on our first entrance into Italy we saw all the groups of Italian people which one associates with that sunny clime. When it became dark we found out the cause as we thought of the turn out. The people began to move in one direction and following, we found it led to near the inn where we had stopped - In a kind of square was a church illuminated with colored lamps and many of the houses near were similarly adorned - Some sort of religious service was to be held which we did not remain to see but went to our inn where we had tea. In the absence of anything more interesting we began to compare notes of our respective routes and found that we might travel together for a day or two. The Austrian spoke French well so we talked in that tongue. I had been amused during the drive of today, to

see the apparent anxiety and formality with which he had prepared and swallowed a dose of medicine, and learning that I belonged to the medical profession he told me his ailment and that he had just come from Paris where he had been consulting an ~~English~~ physician and was en route to Toplitz to see the baths. He was quite glad to get showing me his prescriptions asking me in an easy way what I thought of the treatment. I of course commended it and said he might have perfect confidence in the gentlemen whom he had consulted. Although I did not think there was much wrong with him. The treatment however was of the kind called palliative the main feature of which was the regular use of certain delicacies at meal time - I gave him my movements, on learning which he told me he had just come from the East where he had been attaché of Austrian Embassy, and I found he knew some of the friends to whom I had letters. He gave me some information especially about the coins, but I never can pick up that sort of information till I actually was in the countries where the money is used.

At ten pm. we were called out to the deluge again where a great squabbling was going on in the Italian tongue, the principal features of which were

to my ears a tendency to run every word into *ella* or *io* and therefore it was a rather lengthy affair to read. I found them calling the Catalogue of passengers each being packed into the space corresponding with his ticket. No preference is given but the tickets are given away in rotation. This diligence consisted of an interior for six, a coupe' for three and three or four above. There were more passengers than the vehicle would hold, but some were left. We were entitled to the first places having booked on from Martigny. The Austrian and I were therefore requested to enter the coupe' which we accordingly did, and the others being packed in the interior, the conductor came into the third place in the coupe'. He gave the word to start and the vehicle beginning to move, he considered his duty done, rolled himself up in a huge cloak, angrily squeezed his head into the corner, gave the Austrian, who sat next him, a shove to make more room, and seemed determined to go to sleep with energy. He had no need to shove over the Austrian, for that gentleman had no desire to be in his neighbourhood. He was a filthy, striking man, redolent of garlic, the gaseous exhalations of which vegetable were escaping in various ways. The diligence itself was a great contrast to those

in Switzerland; the seats were hard and illstuffed and it was dirty and dusty; there was a smell in it as if a horse had been quartered in it for the last day or so. I pulled down the window but the air was so cold that we could not bear it so we had just to do the best we could. I soon got into a kind of sleep, uncomfortable as I was. I was awakened by the diligence stopping. The conductor lighted a lamp and got out. There was a jabbering of Italians and looking out I could just see by the light of a torch that all the passengers were getting out. I heard the rushing of water but was utterly at a loss to comprehend what was going on. Not having the command of the language I was unable to ask, but the Austrian learned from a man outside, that we were to sit still. Suddenly we heard a great shouting and cracking of whips, and the diligence was violently pulled down a very short declivity and as rapidly up another on to a wooden stage, which, from the hollow sound given by the horses feet, seemed to me a wooden bridge. It was pitch dark, but by the torches I could see a rapid river flowing by, and I presumed we were going to cross it on the bridge. Judge of my surprise when I felt the stage

moving out into the river carrying the diligence with it. I now saw that we were in a gigantic ferry boat but how any number of men could guide and propel a diligence ferryboat across such a rapid stream, beat my comprehension. I therefore came out of the diligence to see the whole process. The ferry was a huge square boat about twice the size of a dredging punt. On it were the diligence, four horses and about 15 persons so it required to be a good size. But the mode of propulsion was the most curious part. A hawser of great strength was stretched across the river a little way above the surface of the water. This was strongly fastened at each end, to the bank. On this line there travelled a moveable pulley to which a rope was attached, the other end of which was fastened to the side of our vessel a little way from the front. At the stern of our raft at one side, was fixed a huge oar with a broad blade, so heavy that a man could not lift it. It lay in the water and served as a helm. The force of the current tended to sweep down the raft but the rope was fixed a little way from the front so that it pulled diagonally on the boat. This diagonal force was aided by the rudder which is.



copied the anxious exertions of two men. The ~~rest~~ result of these forces was that the raft moved steadily across the river to the opposite bank. This process of ferrying was repeated in a few minutes after and I ascertained that we had crossed two branches of the river Tosa. There had formerly been a bridge at this point but a great flood had swept it away and it had not yet been replaced. It was a curious scene in the absolute darkness, the only light being the glare of some huge torches and I had some misgivings as to the safety, but no accident occurred. We underwent the noisome atmosphere of the diligence again until three o'clock in the morning. The Austrian with his ailments suffered much more than I. He did not sleep at all and was all the time keenly alive to the peevishness of the wretched postillon or conducteur. To add to the annoyance we were continually stopping at little villages, and at every one the conducteur had a regular search in all the pockets of the couple, under the seats, and every where they could be hid, for the mail bags which he did not seem to trouble himself with, but just threw ^{them} in and let them drift where they liked. This effectually roused us up if we had any tendency to sleep. At the stages where

we changed horses we were also roused up well, for each team had a separate postillion, and the wretched beggars came round and asked every passenger for some drink money. This repulsive trick in a public conveyance was repeated nearly once an hour. I gave the miserable shufflers all the small coins I had and then shut up. As for the Austrian his cup of bitterness was full, he gave not a rap, but some very broad statements in German which however the postillions did not seem to think a suitable substitute.

It being during night we saw nothing of the country, but as the morning came on, a dull grey light shewed us that we were driving along a lakeside.

A mist hung over the water so that the objects were not clearly distinguishable, but the hillside of the lake was evidently rich with greenwood & flowers.

At three we drew up before the inn at Baveno. It is situated on the side of the water. The Austrian and I came out here clad to part company with the disagreeable machine and its repulsive conductors. Tired out with the fatigues of the day I tumbled into bed for which I was well prepared by pretty hard travelling.

4th Laying on a balcony in front of the inn I feasted my eyes on the scene spread

before me. It was a brilliant morning; not a breath of air rippled the absolutely smooth surface of the Lago Maggiore. A mile out from the shore the two islands, Isola Bella & Isola Madre, were like fairy palaces floating on an enchanted lake. Farther over, on the opposite side of the bay in which Baveno lies, the little village of Pulauga seems to be built in the water, and the reflection of the pillars supporting the archway which forms the lower ~~floor~~ of the houses, is so clear that you cannot tell where the masonry ends and the shadow begins. On each side the banks are of extreme beauty. On the shore a few men were washing and decking out some ~~small~~ boats for excursionists - Baveno is an admirable spot to take a first view of this beautiful sheet of water. No village with its filthy people, no bustle of population, only a prettily situated inn ~~which~~ commands one of the best views - Requested by our rest the Austrian and I ordered a boat to be got ready while we had breakfast. It struck me that the inn was dirty. Surely the business in such a lovely spot must be sufficient to keep up a handsome establishment; but it was a great contrast to those in Switzerland. But this is the case in most Italian houses as I soon found out.

We embarked with our luggage in a row boat and went first to Isla Madre. This is an islet of about a mile in circumference and at no part higher than 12 feet out of the water; on approaching it therefore you see a dense mass of luxuriant foliage. As you get near you observe that the trees and shrubs are not the natural productions of the country; but you recognise the plants & flowers of the tropics. The island was at first a bare flat slate rock, elevated a few feet out of the lake, but it has been converted into a natural conservatory, by terraces of masonry on which soils of different sorts have been placed to suit the plants of different climates. In summer the heat is very great, the island lying low, and sheltered by the hills on the lakeside. In winter the gardens are protected by walls of bussing and most of the delicate plants covered by an awning. In some of the terraces flues are conducted along - so that an artificial heat is produced. Under these ~~for~~ fostering heatments the natural flowers blossom long before their time, in the open air, and plants which usually are only to be seen in the tropics or stunted in a greenhouse, here grow in perfection. We were of course astonished and gratified

with the display of tropical wonders, Palms, tea
 Sugar, coffee, Castor oil, Cork, Aloes in flower.
 But what delighted us most was the beauty and
 scent of profusion of roses and camellias. We
 were conducted over the gardens by a gardener
 but when we came to the rose & camellia grove,
 we requested the man to leave us that we might
 lounge on the grass, sniff up the delicious fragrance
 and gaze on the enchanted scene. I would conceive
 the place where Byron wrote "Lochinagar" but
 as I was on my way eastward I did not feel suf-
 ficiently homesick to enter fully into his feelings.
 I think what made us relish that sunny spot
 so intensely was, that it commanded a view of the
 Simplon road. We could see the mountain over
 which we had come the day before and on which
 we spent a dreary night. - There 24 hours ago
 we were travelling through snow 12 ft deep shivering
 of cold; bleak, dreary wastes on each side; now
 basking under an Italian sky we lay in fairy-
 land, shaded by the most delicate foliage and
 breathing the sweetest perfumes. - Some travellers
 criticize the gardens because they are so artificial
 but let any one visit it after foul weather on the
 Simplon and he will be fully gratified.

After seeing all the gardens we again embarked and sailed round the island viewing it in all its aspect and then steered for Isola Bella. This is even more artificial than the last. On it the proprietor Count Borromeo, one of the wealthiest men in Italy has a palace a large pile of building but of no great elegance. It is built on the edge of the water and even into it. There are some handsomely furnished apartments and good pictures, but who wishes to see these things in the vicinity of so much natural beauty. The most curious part of the house is the lower flat, just above the level of the lake, which is converted into a series of grottoes lined with shells, pebbles and corals. It is delightfully cool and from the grottoes several balconies open out upon the lake while in some little canals are cut in the floor which admit the water into the interior. From the building we were handed by the Seneschal to the gardener who conducted us through his department. The garden is a regular gradation of artificially built terraces, decorated with urns statues and flower vases; on which grow the rarest exotics. It is kept in admirable order but is of the style called grimcrack. The curious

thing about this island is, that just outside of the palace gate, where there is an entrance from the water by a flight of broad steps, a cluster of wretched hovels are built principally pescatori I believe, but there is an inn or tap where the boatmen refresh. It is amazing that Count Borromeo who must spend such sums in keeping up and improving his two manufactured islands, does not buy up, or remove these hovels and thus get rid of the squalid poverty at the door of his own enchanting residence.

The Austrian and I now parted company. I getting into a steamer going up the lake, he into one going down towards Arona. I found this one of the Austrian Lloyd's Comp. which has a monopoly in steam navigation throughout the Empire, there is however a Sardinian boat on L. Maggiore a part of the banks belonging to that Kingdom. A number of passengers, some Americans. The steamer called at Pallanza a perfect specimen of an Italian lake town. The houses literally dip into the water and a little more, for the rains of the few days before had so increased the water in the lake that the market place of Pallanza was two feet deep in water. This is a square surrounded on three sides

by houses with colonnades on the lower story and the south side was a quay to the lake; in the centre is a statue. It was, at the time I saw it, an arm of the lake, and we were rowing across the market place in a boat. From this we sailed up the western shore of the lake which is exceedingly beautiful; studded here and there with the most picturesque little villages. Many of these pretty spots seem country residences of those who are in business in the towns inland, and a more fascinating retreat could not be conceived. I left the steamer at Livino a town on the east side of the lake, with no particular attraction from the lake, and a considerable amount of repulsiveness when you land, dirt and smell. This was Austria so I had to go through the formality of exhibiting my passe, getting the greasy black stamp on it; and also to prove by ocular demonstration that I carried no contraband goods. These things being settled, I got into an open carriage which was to take me to Lugano. There were three standing waiting, and five passengers offering; I got one alone, the others going two and two. I could not speak Italian but could just pick up what they said, enough to get on. I wondered

why they had not an omnibus instead of so many
 separate carriages, but I found the road was
 so steep that it would require two Cingay horses -
 The whole road from Leino to Lugano is very in-
 teresting. It first mounts over steep heights behind
 Leino from which a charming prospect of Lago
 Maggiore is obtained; then it plunges into a rich
 Swiss valley where all the blossoms and flowers
 were budding in great richness. Soon it approaches
 the Lago di Lugano which it skirts for a long
 time. This lake is different from Maggiore, being
 wilder and grander, more like the upper part
 of Loch Lomond, while Maggiore is more like the
 parts of the Scotch lake near Luss and Balloch.
 About $\frac{1}{2}$ way to Lugano we again leave Austrian
 territory and show the passport to the Swiss police.
 It was seven when I reached the town. I wanted
 to stop at the new hotel a splendid house
 but the coachman would only stop at the hotel
 de Poste the office of the carriage. I would not
 have been able even to express my wish had I
 not had a little interpreter. This was a gentle
 boy who came in beside me from a village a
 little way out of Lugano, where he was at school.
 He had his school books with him Latin Greek &c.

As the machine was stopped at the "Poste" I could not be troubled shortly to the other as it was only for a night. Getting a late dinner or early supper I strolled out in the evening. It was now moonlight and the lake looked beautiful. The people soon returned from the streets and I went back to the inn to prepare for an early start. My room was very Italian, dirty and a heavy smell about it; no lock to the door; & scantily furnished: I got a nail and secured the door in case of intrusion.

5th Rose early breakfasted in a manner, and took my seat outside on a carriage, serving in place of a diligence to Como. Saw the town of Lugano to more advantage in full day light. It is principally of interest for the beauty of its situation, situated in a recess of the lake and surrounded by high mountains. In going to Como we wind along the shore of the lake, getting beautiful ~~scenery~~ views of scenery, till the promontory of Melide which juts out a long way into the lake and leaves a comparatively narrow part of the water between it and Bissonne. Here the lake is shallow and a bridge is built across. Formerly there used to be a ferry, but the traffic is sufficient to support a bridge. The road then turns along the opposite side of the lake to Cape Lago. Here

the country becomes lower again and the soil very rich. As we drove along I observed that the fields were used for no less than three crops. Trees of rather an artificial shape but exceedingly rich delicate green foliage are planted at regular intervals. I did not know what they were at first and I was amused to see boys in every one, and men and women on ladders, employed in cutting off the leaves and tender branches, so that a tree which has undergone this process has a very bare and stunted look. It was evidently not with a view of pruning for they put the leaves carefully into bags. I soon found that these were Mulberry trees cultivated as food for silk worms. There are whole houses of these creatures which are carefully bred in the country all around - These trees may be considered the staple crop, but there was a rich crop of rice in many fields, Indian corn &c which took up the ground. But this is not all; for from tree to tree the vine is trained in loose hanging festoons of very graceful appearance. So here we have Mulberry, Vine and corn, all in the same field. The villages through which the carriage passed seemed bustling and thriving and the people in good condition.

From Capolago the road runs inland through a rich country towards Como two miles from which is the Frontier of Austria again. Here there is the repetition of turn out and visa - It happened that several carriages were collected at the time, one or two apparently of people driving into Como for market from the country. But no! they can't go to their market town without the passport for entering the "Royal Imperial" Territory. I was detained half an hour, for there was a questionable looking man in the diligence, whose passe was not all right, and there was a great squabble about it, but at last we got on.

The town of Como is not prepossessing as you enter it from the land side, a huge old portal of dingy stone admits through no walls worth speaking of; and it seems as if the people had intended to make a very strong fortification and begun with a towering gate, but falling short of money had been obliged to finish with a puny wall. The diligence drove into the yard of a great old rambling looking house, Hotel de la Poste; but I did not stay there, but getting my traps on a *cajaroni* threaded my way to the Angelo on the quay. The view from the balcony of my window was peculiarly

attractive. The port of Com, a little bay about 200 yards broad came to nearly the inn door. The Inn occupied one side of the bay from which a pier was carried in a semicircle out into the lake, meeting, nearly, a corresponding pier from the opposite side thus enclosing a secure little harbour. This was market day and the port was crowded with boats, light pretty vessels, laden with all sorts of produce, vegetable, flax, baskets, and all sorts of unknown things. They were just unloading, it was about 11 A.M. and it was a most amusing scene. There were also "pescatori" in their picturesque fisher's dress, selling fish. Besides these there were dozens of gaily painted little barks with cushions and awnings for pleasure parties on the lake. I loitered through the town and was amused at the market, where I made a trifling purchase and for the first time in my life had to resort to the peculiarly English mode, of touching some cherries and holding out a small coin, to signify my wish to be served with its value in that fruit. The market woman immediately set about measuring a mass of cherries that would have fed a dozen. So I had to take up a couple of handfuls and give her the coin.

Of course there is the Cathedral, Town hall and "grande place", but with nothing remarkable. What caught my attention most was an old archway with very rich carving close to the Cathedral. In this a small crowd was collected occupied in watching the progress of a sketch, being taken at the time by a young lady in a gipsy bonnet. An old duenna was crocheting alongside & I could hear they talked English. But I was principally taken up with the people and their business, for it is a bustling little city - and I spent my time in the very brumpton occupation of looking in at the shop windows, not hesitating to follow the whole process of a bargain.

At two a steamer starts from Como to go up the lake and in her I took shipping - Aust. Lloyd. A great many passengers - many English tourists. I went half way up the lake to Bellagio, in order to catch the steamer coming down. This was a sail of an hour and a half. It is impossible to convey in words the beauty of the Lago di Como. But it is sufficient to point this out, that every spot on its banks which can be converted into a garden or terrace or on which a palace can be set, is occupied. The banks for miles, indeed as far

as I went presented an uninterrupted succession of villas, palaces, retreats of all sorts with the most exquisite gardens. The constant variety of taste and architecture prevented that monotony which so many buildings tend to produce, and the terraces rising from the very water, with graceful vases, columns, statues, towers, verandahs & bowers, rendered the place quite bewitching. This is the great resort of the Milanese nobility. Its beauties have been celebrated in prose & verse since the days of Pliny. The only place I have seen that can be put in comparison with it is the shores of the Bosphorus as seen from the water. The steamer stopped every quarter of an hour, to land passengers at little villages. I came out at Cadenabbia where I strolled along a little way to a point which commanded a superb view of the upper part of the lake; and then embarked in another steamer for Como. It went down the opposite shore so I saw both sides to great advantage. They are equally beautiful. The market boats coming out of Como on their way home were very picturesque. Perhaps the finest point of the whole lake is when the steamer suddenly wheels round a projecting point and Como suddenly comes into view. The

calm little bay, the piers of the port, the acacia trees on a quay ~~build~~ at one side of the port, the gaily painted red roofed villas a little way out of the town, the clustering houses of the town, surmounted by the dome of the Cathedral and some towers of old churches, the hill gradually swelling behind with rich wooding, an old tower ruins on a rocky hill behind, and the mountains towering up behind all; form a panorama rarely to be excelled.

Table d'hôte was over when I got back to the inn but for the convenience of passengers from the lake, a perpetual dinner goes on for an hour or two afterwards. Two new married couples, English, spending the honeymoon, at dinner at a side table. They behaved with great propriety, billing and cooing. After dinner did the Churches at vespers and re-did the town. A handsome esplanade on a little neck of land jutting out into the lake, planted with acacia trees, and commanding a fine view of the port and town, is a favourite promenade. People turned out to walk. At night the little port was all alive, with lamps in the boats twinkling brightly. A large café on the edge well illuminated and some blue light rockets set off. At sunset the people leave the promenade & go home.

6th At 10 AM. by rail to Milan. The carriage built in the German style, a passage leading lengthwise from end to end, a door at each end. A very necessary construction in this country, where police and guards are continually trotting about. There is a perpetual showing of tickets, and we had not started five minutes when the "polizei" came and took away the passports. I am very English on the subject of passports, having a feeling that I am deprived of my personal liberty when it is taken away - and so I am. I was asked where I was going to; I said Milan, and the "polizei" gave me a little ticket and put a number on the passport; the little billet enjoined me to present myself at the "polizei direction" in Milan within 24 hours of arrival, with threats of pains and penalties if I did not. So that I was compelled to go to Milan and stay there till I got back my pass. Even the peasants travelling from town to town had these troublesome documents. Nothing remarkable on the way. Two Augustine friars in the carriage, quite boys, mumbling their prayers as they looked out at the window: it was evidently against the grain in me.

Arriving at 9 I went to the "H. de la Ville" a very handsome and stylish house. The salle à manger where I sat down to breakfast alone was a lofty

hall with handsome marble pillars at each end and very gorgeously decorated. The hotel was formerly the palace of one of the old Milanese nobles, now in retirement or exile since the Austrian domination... While at breakfast an oldish gentleman and two young ladies came in and sat down to a tea urn at the other side of the table. Shortly after a young gentleman came in and got his cover laid opposite them a few seats from me. He was not of their party but seemed to have picked up acquaintance with them. He had a strong spice of the "brogue". They were English. I joined in the conversation and we made up a sort of acquaintanceship. They had done the town the day before and told me what was worth seeing, but the heat was so great that they were going to do nothing but rest today. I therefore went out alone to make the most of it.

The principal object of attraction at Milan is the Cathedral one of the most gorgeous specimens of Architecture in the world. Its qualities are well known and its architectural design would be out of place here. It is entirely built of white marble and covered with exquisite carving, so that its little spires and balconies seem formed of the finest lace.

The interior is rich and imposing containing some excellent pictures and marble and the floor is of beautiful mosaic of inlaid coloured marbles. Perhaps the best idea of this wonderful building is to be obtained by ascending to the roof. At one corner of the church is a counter where you pay a small fee to get up and something extra for a guide to point out objects on the top. It was mid-day when I ascended and the heat of the sun reflected from the polished white marble was very intense, while the glare almost blinded one. On a nearer inspection the carving appeared still richer. Every knob, or object in relief, was an exact representation of some fruit, flower, or animal's head, and each was different from the one next it, so that the pinnacles on the roof of this church were a perfect museum of curiosities. Of course it did not matter much when seen from the street, but when walking about on the roof, viewing the different parts of the city, it had a very pleasing effect to meet such variety of device. The view from the roof gives a capital notion of the town and with a map spread before me I soon was sufficiently acquainted with it. Besides the Cathedral the great Hospital & the enormous

city gates are the other points of attraction. I soon got tired of knocking about after lions and after a tiresome wait at the police for my passport, I devoted the rest of the day to a lounge along the fashionable streets, arcades and the markets which are a never ending source of amusement; performing every church I passed with great propriety - At table d'hôte I again met my friends of the morning and thereafter the Irishman and I, had cigars and coffee at the Café beside the inn, with chairs on the pavement to see the people passing. Milan is quite a gay town and the people both ladies and gentlemen dress with great taste. The hotel is situated in the most fashionable street and a gay crowd of loungers passed before us. Musicians also came and played before the hotel. The desire of the juvenile population for the jag ends of cigars, when thrown away, is remarkable. One boy remained skulking about the Café at least an hour and picked up three or four - In the evening I went to the grand theatre La Scala. It is the largest house I ever saw; probably in the world. The seats in the pit are wide and roomy and well dressed people, even the better classes

occupied it. Few in the boxes. The pit full. The first 4 seats in the pit are reserved and reserved for the officers of the regiments quartered in Milan. A falling sight for the people to see their German oppressors sitting free, before them. I here began to notice evident signs of discontent towards the Austrian government, which I afterwards found the general in Lombardy & Venice. I could understand enough Italian to make out the scope of an observation and some people near me now and then spoke to each other in English, with what object I don't know; and whenever they could get an opportunity of having a hit at the German soldiers they did not hesitate. They seem to have a deep hatred of them and to my notion on a convenient occasion would not be long in brushing them back to their Vaterland. And no wonder; all the associations of their country are destroyed. The Austrians are striving to destroy their nationality and even their tongue. All the public buildings have the two-headed Austrian Eagle and a sign in German quite unintelligible to the natives. All the soldiers are German; the Italian levies being taken north to Germany. This is so entirely the case that when I wanted any direction

I waited till I came to a soldier, (and there are plenty sentries posted through the town) and asked him in broken German for the place and he pointed it out at once, considering it a compliment to be known as a German. This in parenthesis — I saw the Opera of "The prophet", well sung, but the spectacle was truly grand — One of the finest effects I ever saw on the stage or panorama, was Sunrise over a frozen canal in Leyden. The Sun was an electric light; and as it was gradually raised from behind the houses in the scene, the effect was most brilliant. It first illuminates the roof, then the gallery, the lower part very quite dark. When the rays struck the boxes the people could not bear it and gradually it was lifted above all the houses and the whole theatre was one brilliant light. It was the best imitation of nature I have seen. The streets were quite deserted as I came home at eleven, and even the hotels & cafes shut. It is police orders and they are held with a very tight rein.

7th — Again visited the Cathedral & see it decked out in gaudy gewgaws for the festival

This is the fête de Dieu, the whole of the Priest-Bishops or March in procession with the host, and perform service at some church a little way out of the town and then return in procession ~~and~~ making a grand entry into Milan. The streets it was to pass were all decorated and a grand covered passage strewn and garlanded with flowers was erected in front of the Cathedral. Here a great crowd was collected and employed the energies of a Squadron of Hussars to keep the space clear. As the Military were rather unpopular whenever a civilian managed to cross the space there was a great cheering. Had it not been for these skirmishes the people would have been tired waiting; I was and came away for breakfast. Going back afterwards I found it was still a long way off so I gave it up and came off for food.

At 12 o'clock I altered the Diligence for Verona. The route, being partly rail and partly driving, is under diligence management. At the station the passengers were transferred to the rail and in about an hour, again passed into another diligence or rather carriage and pair; postillions in the Austrian livery, very smart. The road is very

interesting in some parts through the richest fields, in others coming near the Southern slopes of the Tyrolean Alps. As I saw them so near I was almost tempted to make a detour of two or three days to visit Lago di Garda. We dined at the old town Rovereto but had no time to see more than its exquisite situation. The railway again struck in a little before Peschiera. Nothing of interest occurred during the day and I arrived at Verona at about 12. All the houses were shut up but with a little bother I got into the only hotel of which I knew the name, the Post. Essentially Italian that is dirty, greasy, and ill aired. I daresay my room had a fine view as when I looked out I saw trees and heard a river rushing by. But I was too sleepy to make many investigations.

9th Rose very early and with a man to guide me walked through Verona. It is chiefly of interest for its beautiful situation, placed on both sides of a bend of the river Adige and being built on two steep hills rising from its banks. The houses are of the antique kind but there is nothing of great note to detain one. Now a days things are very common place in these Italian towns on the line of a great railway, except for historical

associations, but in former days when travelling was slower, almost all travellers made a dead stop at Verona. After the peace in 1815 when the rush of English took place to visit localities renowned since the French revolution the north of Italy, scene of Napoleon's early victories had a share of the tourists. Verona among other places was greatly visited, and to make the most of the travellers the Italian landlords made their hotels as English as possible. As a bait to the passing traveller the following hotel announcement may be taken as a rare specimen of "murdered English". It is at once evident that it is not English but the Italian words Englishified, not even a translation. It was given to my father when travelling here with Dr John Couper and Dr John Strang, Chamberlain in the Year.

"Grande Albergo alla Torre di Londra".

Circulatory.

The old Inn of London's Tower, placed among the more agreeable situations of Verona's course, belonging at Sir Theodosius Ligonis, restored by the decorum most indulgent to good things, of life's cases, which are little favoured from every art liable at Inn

same, with all object that is concern'd convenience of stage-coaches, proper horses, but good forages, and coach-house; so offers as Innkeeper the constant hope, to be honoured from a great concourse, where politeness, good genius of Meats, to delight of Nations, round table, Caffee-house, hackney coach, men-servant of place, swiftness of service, and moderation of prices, shall arrive to accomplish in Him all satisfaction, and at last, who will do the favour honouring Him a very assured kindness." "Verona 1817."

Left for Padua at 7.30 arrived at 10. Left my portmanteau at the station and came in to the town in an Omnibus. As this was to be a real day of sight seeing I gave myself up to a valet de place to save time & fatigue. The city is a very fine specimen of an old Italian town, built in the quaintest style, with balconies and peaked windows; awnings and curtains hung across the doorways of the shops to keep off the sun. It has a curious appearance to walk along a street of shops all hidden by curtains of brown stuff. You can't tell what kind of shops they are till you draw aside the curtain & enter. The principal objects of interest are the Cathedral and hall of Justice, built in the market place

The market itself interested me more than the
 buildings - crowded with stalls of the finest fruits
 and vegetables, and market people in their country
 picturesque costumes. I then went to the far-
 famed University and saw the rooms and archives
 thence to the Ospedale, a gigantic establishment
 supported by the State. A number of cases of Cholera
 but as I had seen plenty of it at home and was
 on a pleasure tour I did not stay to study it.
 Having done these as matters of importance I told
 the valet to go on of his own accord and shew
 me the places till I got tired. He took me to
 no end of Churches, shewed me the outside of
 celebrated houses &c. One Church struck me most
 from the exquisite ancient frescoes contained in
 it. It is nearly a ruin and is only kept in repair
 to preserve three frescoes which are celebrated.
 I tried long before his Catalogue was finished.
 It was very hot and began to get sultry, so being
 thoroughly fatigued with sight-seeing I gave in &
 told the man to lead me to a Bagno. Here I
 revelled in a tepid bath for near an hour, and
 coming out refreshed, eat a hearty dinner in a
 restaurant where I made a haphazard order
 and succeeded in getting a good spread. Afterward

went and lunched & had coffee in the famous Café Pedrocchi. This is a splendid hall, the roof supported on marble pillars, the sofas and couches of crimson velvet, capable of containing an immense number. No smoking allowed inside but you can go out to the tables under a colonnade in front. It is very much frequented. In the evening again went to the train. Thunder came on and a heavy shower of rain. It was dark when we crossed the Lagoons to Venice. I went to see the lights twinkling across the dark water and was told that was Venice. A wooden bridge on piles carries the rail across the Lagoon.

Venice is no more the "pride of the sea" being connected to the mainland by a railway bridge.

At the station the passports were taken away and I was asked by a railway porter if I would go to the hotel in a Gondola or an Omnibus?

Omnibus! thought I, here's an end to romance. fancy driving in an omnibus in Venice. Where are the streets? I thought it was all water and that no omnibus could drive. However I determined to be no party to encouraging the paving of the "pride of the sea" and shouted out Gondola lustily. The door of the station opened

out upon a pavement, the sheet of which was represented by a canal as broad as Argyle Street. where a great many boats were lying - no signs of any omnibus or street. Curious it was; a good deal of bustle at the station boats darting about but no sound of wheels. I was handed into a long gondola with a Captain like a cat in the middle and a comfortable cushion to sit on. It was dark and flashing of rain and looking out I could see that the boat was skimming along at a great rate, past tall houses and under bridges but all as still as death. After a while the boat changed its course into a narrower canal about 12 ft broad and from that suddenly into one not more than 6 ft broad which, enclosed between the walls of huge mansions, and looking as black as ink, reminded me of a gigantic common sewer the more so as the smell from it was not sweet. Turning the corner in such a narrow channel was a feat of dexterity worth nothing. The Gondoliers stand, one on the prow, another on the stern sheet of the gondola and hold the oar nearly perpendicular so that it projects a very short way from the side of the boat, thus allowing it to sail in a very narrow canal, and at a corner by some wonder

-ful jingling with the oar, they produce a kind of motion of the oar which has the effect of turning the boat in an incredibly short time. This is the more curious as a gondola is a long boat with a considerable hold of the water. When about to pass under a bridge or at a corner the gondolier gives a peculiar shout to warn any other that may be in the way, for unless this is done, the craft slides on perfectly noiselessly, the oar pushing no clanking against the rollock. In this silent stealthy way I glided on from Canal to Canal till in about half an hour I was landed at some steps leading to a large broad pavement, and opening on a broad piece of water like an arm of the sea. The Royal Hotel Danieli was close by, which I entered by a narrow door leading to a little closs. I thought the gondolier must have mistaken the door; but I found that this closs opened into a handsome court yard, with some statues, vases, flowers, and bureaux of the hotel. It turned out that the main entrance to the hotel is by a narrow canal leading up to the side of the house where a door at once leads into the hall; but this canal was at present shut up undergoing repairs - I got



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suffering from a painful disease, which has
necessary. The operation was successfully per-
formed, and it is hoped that the right hon. Baronet will

gone into mourning for three weeks on
the death of the reigning Queen of Sardinia.
was safely delivered of a Princess on the

has conferred upon Mr. George Mould,
of Charles III., as a recognition of his enterprise
in that country.

f St. Petersburg for 1855 includes for the
bella amongst the reigning Sovereigns of Europe.
d an audience of the Emperor of Austria
autograph letter of the Queen.

de Chambord, now in Venice, have
us; but they have fewer French Legitimists at
years.

Count de Crenneville, who is charged by
military mission to the French Government, has
an audience of the Emperor.

en Council have unanimously voted an
e Earl of Cardigan. Lord Cardigan's tenantry
to the noble and gallant soldier.

has returned to his duchy, after having
er, the Countess de Chambord.

aker of the House of Commons gave his
Saturday evening, at his mansion in Eaton-square.
sisted of the Ministerial members of the House

xe Weimar has invested the Marquis de
ointed French Minister at Stuttgart, with the
the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha also presented
cordon of his order.

who will command the Piedmontese army
acted in Paris, to organise his plans in common
ers of the Allies.

assist in the organisation of the services
ed at Constantinople on the 28th ult.

-Chief in the Black Sea, Vice-Admiral
on Monday morning, and arrived at Dover in the
beam-packet *Queen* in one hour and a half.

Ministry are still looked for. M. Olo-
the new Minister of Foreign Affairs.

dmontese Envoy at Rome, has received
our of the Marquis of Westminster, and
the new Market-house, Shaftesbury, which has
ardship's expense, took place last week in the

off, wife of the Russian General of the
Warsaw for the head-quarters of the army in

t the English Government has offered
the rank of Lieutenant-General of the Foreign
the appointment.

o was Procureur-General at Paris after
e-President of the Constituent Assembly, died
ate d'Or), after a brief malady.

rray, Esq., of Danesfield, Berks, has
ndature, or Knight Commander of the Order of

whom the French represent as the in-
become insane.

in white marble by M. Léveil is to be
of the College of France.

as lately been giving a series of lectures
of what she considers dangerous to the peace

whose fine statue of Spartacus in the
always so much admired, has finished an eque-
stral for the city of Orleans.

ice and Art of the Board of Trade have
ental art, which is intended to be sent in suc-
cess in connection with that department.

reaped a rich harvest in Sydney ere she
£7000 from nine concerts, besides presents of

one of the highest families in Por-

LITERATURE.
CURIOSITIES OF LONDON: Exhibiting the Most Rare and Remarkable
Objects of Interest in the Metropolis; with nearly Fifty Years' Personal
Recollections. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Bogue.

Here is a clever book on a subject that is always interesting and always
new; here is a well-filled volume on a topic that is inexhaustible; here is
a happy title happily carried out: in a few words, a volume on London
that will live.

From the time when the "Curiosities of London" was first announced
we have looked forward to its publication with very great interest. This
was due to its author; for Mr. Timbs, by his "Year-books of Facts" and
other works of a like nature, has earned for himself a well-merited name
for that skill in gathering, and painstaking accuracy in recording, facts
which are so essential to the success of a work like the one before us.
Mr. Timbs lays claim to nothing more than diligence; but more may be
safely accorded to him. He has exhibited great tact in grouping his mate-
rials; though we are at times inclined to think that he has been too much
in love with little matters, and occasionally overburdened his pages with
minor materials, but still, we must add, with facts.

In a brief and appropriate preface Mr. Timbs informs us that this work
has been twenty-seven years in hand. By this he does not mean that it
had been so continuously, and to the exclusion of other labours; but that his
"pleasing theme" has been constantly before him, and that he has seldom
allowed a day to pass without adding something of moment to his
materials:—

Twenty-seven years since (in 1828) I wrote in the parlour of the house
No. 3, Charing-cross (then a publisher's), the title and plan of a volume to
be called "Curiosities of London;" and the work here submitted to the pub-
lic is the realisation of that design. I then proposed to note the most memo-
rable points in the annals of the metropolis, and to describe its most remark-
able objects of interest, from the earliest period to my own time—for the
Present has its "Curiosities" as well as the Past. Since the commence-
ment of this design in 1828—precisely midway in my lifetime—I have
scarcely for a day or hour lost sight of the subject; but, through a long
course of literary activity, have endeavoured to profit by every fair oppor-
tunity to increase my stock of materials; and, by constant comparison, "not
to take for granted, but to weigh and consider," in turning such materials to
account. In this labour I have been greatly aided by the communications of
obliging friends, as well as by my own recollection of nearly Fifty Years'
Changes in the aspects of "enlarged and still increasing London."

The plan of the work is in the main alphabetical, with a sub-alphabet:
thus Piccadilly is treated entire with the streets and turnings from it, such
as Berkeley-street on one side, and Duke-street on the other, in the strict
order of the Alphabet; while to the whole work is added a really useful
Index, so essential to a work that deals in facts, and facts alone.

It is not as a library companion alone that Mr. Timbs's "Curiosities of
London" will be found of real value, but as a strict guide to the foreigner
and to the Londoner as well, both of whom will find at every turn the
very information they require, with much that they will be glad to know
on points connected immediately and even remotely with their inquiries.
Mr. Timbs has a surprising and happy knack of bringing points of im-
portance from remote corners into broad daylight. Here is an example
from the very first page of the book of condensed and useful information:—

ADELPHI, THE.

A series of streets in the rear of the houses on the south side of the Strand,
reaching east and west from Adam-street to Buckingham-street, and facing
the Thames on the south—a grand commencement of the architectural em-
bankment of the river in 1768. It is named Adelphi (ἀδελφοί, *brothers*) from
its architects, the four brothers Adam, who built vast arches over the court-
yard of Old Durham-house, and upon these erected, level with the Strand,
Adam-street, leading to John, Robert, James, and William streets; the noble
line of houses fronting the Thames being the Adelphi-terrace. The view from
this spot is almost unrivalled in the metropolis for variety and architectural
beauty: from Waterloo-bridge on the east, with the majestic dome and pic-
turesque campanile of St. Paul's, to Westminster-bridge on the west, above
which rise the towers of Lambeth Palace and Westminster Abbey, and the
pinnacles and bristling roofs of the new Houses of Parliament.

At No. 5, the centre house of the terrace, David Garrick died, Jan. 20, 1779;
and here his remains lay in state, previous to their interment in Westminster
Abbey, Feb. 1. Garrick's widow also died here in 1822. At No. 1, Adam-
street, lived Dr. Knox, the "British Essayist." At Osborne's Hotel, John-street,
in 1824, sejournd Kamohamcha II., King of the Sandwich Islands, and his
sister the Queen, with their suites; the Queen died here of measles, July 8;
and the King died of the same disease, at the Caledonian Hotel, on the
14th; their remains lay in native pomp at Osborne's, and were then deposited
in the vaults of St. Martin's Church, prior to their being conveyed in the *Blonde*
frigate to the Sandwich Islands for interment. The poor King and Queen
were wantonly charged with gluttony and drunkenness while here; but they
lived chiefly on fish, poultry, and fruit; and their favourite drink was some
cider, presented to them by Mr. Canning.

In John-street, also, is the house built for the Society of Arts by the
Adams. In the second floor chambers at No. 2, James-street, lived, for
nearly thirty years, Mr. Thomas Hill, the "Hull" of Theodore Hook's

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some tea and while at it the young Irishman I had met at Milan came in. After tea he conducted me to the Place St Mark only a few yards off. It was too dark to see much and the rain had driven people indoors, but I could easily see that on a fine evening it would quite come up to the glowing description of the enthusiastic Paddy. We had a glass of Ice and came home. They wanted to put me into a room overlooking the canal under repair, but the stench was so horrible from the muddy refuse they were taking out from the bottom, that I did not choose to run the risk of Cholera especially when there was an epidemic in the town.

9th Although this is one of the first hotels, with the names of Dukes & Lords in the book, some of whom were here last week on their way North from Rome; and though the public rooms are more than neat, still the bedrooms retain the Italian character. The linen is clean and the curtains made of gauze look delightfully cool, but the floor is not calculated to ensure comfort. Walking across to open the window, on my bare feet, I felt them a little sticky and on looking at my soles I found

them coated with a layer of black stuff; a combination of wax and turpentine and oil, which is used to glaze the red tiles of the floor - So I was on my guard in future - At breakfast I met the Englishman and his two daughters, I had seen at Milan. They were going to rest after a hard day of sight-seeing the day before. I proposed to myself to see Venice in a business like way today, enjoying myself leisurely ~~tomorrow~~.

It would be tedious to recount the beauties of Venice. The "Stories of Venice" are familiar to most and in going from place to place I seemed to be visiting scenes which I had seen long ago but had forgotten, at least not realized the real beauty of. I have a dreamy recollection of what I saw. First the Campanilla a tall square red tower, ascended by an inclined plane from which you have a magnificent view of the City and Canals and Lagoons. The old bellman pointed out the localities and I was soon familiar with the ground plan or rather water plan. The tower itself is such a constant object in all views of Venice that every one knows that it stands in the Place St Mark beside the Cathedral - Next to the Ducal Palace of the Dope and the mysterious

chambers of the secret tribunals. The exterior of this
 magnificent carved pile is familiar. Every
 portrait gallery is hung with photographs of it.
 But familiar as it may be you can't get over
 a certain feeling of awe as you enter the portal
 of that once dreaded Court. Its glory is now past.
 A senechal shows you the "penetralia" for
 a *zwangiger* - the very coin in which you "tip"
 him being a mark of degradation. The moist-
 damp vaults and dungeons under the level of the
 canals are objects of great interest and the "Bridge
 of Sighs". The keeper seemed to think the le-
 gends about the said bridge quite untrue. The
 common report said, that whoever crossed that
 bridge from the Tribunal at the Dog's palace to
 the prison on the other side of the Canal, saw
 the light ~~from~~ the last time as he crossed it.
 But the keeper announced that the bridge was
 a mere communication between one part of the
 building and another and that people often passed
 and repassed and were at last set free. This the
 keeper seemed to think a good joke for he laughed
 very heartily at the bridge of sighs - I found that
 this laugh is a part of the proceedings, as I
 went back more than once, being interested in

the place and on each occasion the same story and same laugh was repeated, which caused me to believe in the old tradition as decidedly the most Venetian of the two.... Then I took a Gondola and told the "Gondolier Row, row" and show me Venice. I lay on a cushion on the stern with a delicate coloured awning to screen off the Sun and in lazy indolence, in keeping with the brilliant hot climate, was moved along the Grand Canal. This is a Canal which divides Venice into two parts and on it are the most handsome buildings. In many parts it is lined with nothing but palaces - now alas! converted into hotels, warehouses, Old curiosity shops &c. Lord Byron is always points out and many more. They have all handsome gates and steps leading to the Canal and at many some gondolas were lying - Many boats piled with merchandise passed, this being the Cheapside of Venice but except an occasional shout the absence of wheels and carriages made it as still as death. At some of the more remarkable buildings and churches my Gondola landed me for more minute inspection. Of these the most interesting were the Picture

Gallery a very fine collection and a wonderful church which was under repair having somewhat suffered from the storm of Hurricane. The interior was a perfect museum of the most precious marbles, and rich woods and stones. A very miserable looking Monk led me through and pointed out the chief beauties. Some of the altars must have cost a mint of money from the richness of the materials and the intricacy of the carving. One of the most interesting objects seen on a sail along the Canal is the Ponte de Realto. the marble bridge which spans the Canal in one grand arch. A double row of shops is placed on the bridge with a path for foot passengers in the centre and on each side. Passing out from Grand Canal the gondolin rowed a little way into the Lagoon and here being well out of the town I essayed to propel the gondola. You stand on a board at the very stern resting the oar on a groove in an upright post and by a peculiar twist something like sculling the boat shoots on. It requires a good deal of practice to make sure of the oar not slipping away, and not knowing the secret I fell at the second stroke and gave it up.

There's an indolent pleasure in dreaming away the day gliding along in a gondola and I made the man row from Canal to Canal till I had threaded the City several times. There is a grandeur mixed with melancholy in visiting the palatial residences at Venice and this latter feeling is impressed on you as you land at the steps leading to the Piazzeta of St Marco, at the opening of which railed off with iron railings stand 6 loaded Cannons - field pieces, with an appropriate guard of Austrian soldiers ready to assert the sovereignty of His Imperial Majesty on the first signs of insubordination. Many a sneer was hurled at the caged soldiers, by the lazy but excitable Venetians who passed that busy spot.

Our dinner party at the inn was small. Mr. Burnel of Durham and his two daughters whom I had met at Milan, the Irish lad, some Americans, & a used up man from Rome. After dinner we sat at the windows of the room looking out on the scene below. I wish I could transfer to paper the interesting combination. We looked out on the Opening of the Grand Canal into the Adriatic, the water here perfectly pure. About

half a mile across the island of St
 with an elegant Cupola-ed Church and some
 other buildings seemed floating on the water.
 Innumerable rigged boats of the Adriatic with their
 pelucca sails, gondolas with gaily painted
 awnings, or little black cabins like hearses,
 large gondolas with cabins to hold 10 or 12
 (named "Omnibus!") one or two floating butts
 formed the moving objects on the canal.

Between the canal and the inn was a spacious
 pavement some 20 ft broad with broad flags -
 The water came to within 2 ft of the surface
 of the pavement and one or two steps led down
 to it in order to allow passengers to enter the
 boats with ease. There was a Cab stand rather
 a gondola station, (some 40 or 50) a few yards off
 and the lazy gondoliers were lying basking in the
 sun in all their proverbial insouciance. At
 the steps also lay a number of market boats
 discharging their contents, chiefly fruits and veget-
 ables and fish. On the broad pavement were
 placed tables with awnings above them, whereon
 were displayed in tempting freshness the richest
 fruits of the season, and lemons and oranges -
 A little way off was a sort of large awning

Serving the place of a Café estaminet. These various objects had attracted a great crowd of people who used this vacant place of pavement as a promenade - the scope for peripatetic exercise being rather limited in Venice. Hence the scene before us was of the most animated description. The movements of the people, & the cries of the refreshment vendors were most amusing - but what struck me most was the sale of fresh water. In truth the water seller had by far the most custom; he strolled about shouting in a kind of monotonous way "Acqua" "Acqua fresca" and gave a drink for some infinitesimal sum. and it was strange to ~~see~~ the children preferring to buy a drink of water, to buying cherries. It shows how wretched must be the supply of the most refreshing of beverages.

In the evening Mr Burnel & one of his daughters (the other having slight sore throat remains at home) Paddy and I went out to lounge in the Piazza St Marco. It was ~~a~~ deliciously calm, the heat moderated by the sun setting down behind the high buildings. The place was crowded with promenaders, and the seats in front of the Cafés filled with customers. We sat down had our orange ice and amused

ourselves making remarks on the bypassers. Several bands of music and singers came from time to time beside us and performed creditably. The loungers were of all nations and the costumes very remarkable. Turks, Greeks &c. it was like a scene in a play. - On returning to the hotel we found that the young lady left at home was worse and ~~then~~ further requested me to prescribe for her, which I did.

10th Sunday. My patient no better. Had to employ more energetic means. - Lorry for this for Paddy and I had great fun with them the last two days. Intending to take it leisurely today, we went together (except the invalid) to the Cathedral of St Mark fronting the "Place" of that name. It is a curious old pile - a mongrel style of Architecture - half Mosque - half Cathedral but very grand. The interior wonderful, the floor, walls & roof a mass of mosaic work of great antiquity. ^{700.} The cupolas and arches of the roof are mosaic-ed with bits of glass gilded with thick gold leaf. A large congregation of people of the better sort, many very tastefully dressed. Not wishing to intrude on the service we sat on a step in the porch and heard the music & looked at the people. After

then we strolled among the porticoes and colonnades of the Ducal Palace, visited the bridge of Sighs, saw some more churches, explored some of the central part of the town by the queer little lanes which serve the place of streets, all too narrow to admit a carriage and many only a pavement along side of a canal, and found ourselves suddenly at the Rialto. Retracing our steps towards St Marks we left Miss Burnel at the Hotel and taking a gondola went out to one of the floating baths where we had a swim to cool us for dinner.

The Irishman the used up Englishman & I spent the evening in the Place St Mark where the scene was one of the gayest I ever saw. The heat of the day was a little moderated and "all the world" was out at promenade. The people dressed in their Sunday costume, many foreigners with curious rich dresses, all intent on seeing and being seen. The ice shops were in great request. We sat at our iced punch and orange ices for a long time admiring the sight, and listening to the singers with their harps, who came every now and then beside us. When it grew dark the whole place was brilliant with lamps — Took leave of Mr Burnel and daughters. the patient a little better, and all very grateful to me.

June 11th At 7 a.m. left in the Austrian Lloyd's
 Steamer for Trieste. Sailed down the Lagoon from
 which the Grand Canal opens. On a flat piece of
 land just out of Venice is a garden or park surrounded
 with trees; a great holiday resort of the Venetians.
 It is called the garden of Napoleon. Here a few
 horses are kept for hire and the inhabitants use
 these poor brutes with great perseverance. No
 wonder the people are so proud of the four bronze
 horses above the door of St Marks; there is no space
 for that quadruped to move in the city, hence I
 never saw a horse the whole time I was there.
 The children are taken out to the garden to see
 the horses, as they are in our country, & a
 menagerie & see lions. — A pleasant sail
 across the gulf of Venice. The low land soon receded
 from view. About 12 we came in view of the hilly
 coast of Dalmatia and about 3 landed at Trieste.
 The hotel de la Ville is a handsome house facing the
 port. Two tiger soldiers on guard at the door.

Trieste is the Liverpool of Austria, active, bustling
 with handsome new streets and public offices. It is
 admirably situated at the foot of some hills from
 which a little way out of the town is a delightful
 view of the city, harbor and shipping.

Here to my great delight I got my first letter from home -- In the evening strolled along the quays of the port to see the stores &c. was amused at the sailors laying in their supper for the night. They came down to their boats with a packet containing some bread, lettuce, onions, & a little bottle of oil.

Returning to the hotel I found a great crowd of fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen sitting "à la fresco" at tables on the quay in front of the salon at coffee, ices &c. I sat down among the crowd.

As usual in Austrian Assemblies Officers were Trumps and a wonderful display of dandy uniforms. The Austrian Officers are more like our own than the French. They seem all gentlemen. You can see very few that seem to have risen from the ranks. About 9 o'clock the regimental band came marching up attended by a number of soldiers carrying variegated lamps. They stationed themselves opposite the hotel and played for an hour a variety of airs.

12th. Strolled through the busy streets again visited the exchange, Austrian Lords Club, a handsome suite of buildings containing news and coffee rooms, Steam packet Office, underwriter rooms &c. People of all the tribes of the Levant lounging about. Took a berth

in the steamer for Athens via Gulf of Lepanto. Having written home, dined &c I embarked at 4 pm in the "Vapore del Lloyd Austriaco". "Persia" No XIX, a clean comfortable boat, in which I had a room to myself there being few passengers. The engine was London made and the head engineer English. I found our passage was likely to be tedious, but there was a good supply of Scott's novels and Byron in the Saloon library. At sunset the view of the hills, and Trieste at their base, was very fine. The only passenger I took up with was a young Dane who was going to Corfu to open a branch of business there. He had the most inordinate love of everything English. I never saw anyone so English mad. It seemed to be his grand ambition to begin at Corfu, make a little money, transfer himself to England, become an English merchant, his beam ideal of felicity, and marry an English wife. He could not speak much English, but hoped to learn at Corfu where he at first spoke Italian. He was pleasant enough at first, but tiresome, and a conceited coxcomb. He was amusing for a while. We had tea at 8. Our "Capitano" was a taciturn man, a strict disciplinarian, of whom the steward "Tony" was in mortal terror. The first mate was a jolly fellow, and as there were only 3 of us at meals

besides "il capitano" he was invited down. Little was said and that in Italian. So I could just pick up a word or two. The Captain had a few words of English. Sometimes after tea the Captain began a harangue I don't know about what and continued to speak with great fluency for a long time. From what I could judge he seemed to speak very correctly and certainly the language was liquid and beautiful. The Captain had a dog a great favourite and I could see that if any one wanted anything he began by flattering the dog and so the Captain. Leave the dog and the Cap. was mad. In fact the beast was the only avenue to the Commander. The only sort of intimacy I had with him was commenced by his finding me one day when alone playing with the animal which really was a clever dog. The queerest trait about it was its great partiality for hot coffee without milk. However enough of the crew in the meantime.

13th In the morning we drew near to a coast and at 10 cast anchor in the bay of Ancona. Having to lie here for sometime for merchandise, the Dane and I landed, he to transact some business I to see the place. The town is finely situated on the slope of a steep hill in the form of a semi-circle each end of which terminate in an abrupt

steep rocky height. On one side is built the Citadel on another the ancient Cathedral. The town is strongly fortified on all sides. On landing I threaded my way along a crowded street, evidently the place of business, rather filthy, and soon got into a more quiet part from which a steep street led to the Citadel. On reaching this eminence I sat down in a shade and had a magnificent view of the bay and moles stretching out to enclose the harbour. This is the principal town of the Roman States on the coast of Italy and the harbour has been constructed at great expense. Huge blocks of stone and marble have been employed in making two gigantic piers, enclosing a snug shelter, where vessels can lie secure in all weather. I then threaded my way through the town towards the Cathedral. A busy, active, bustling place, evidently a mart of no small importance. Principally in the cloth and clothing line. Vast numbers of clothes shops, a little suspicious looking as if they were cast off & brushed up; on the whole something like theemporiums near the Cross and Saltmarket, but some even vying with Hyam. The fruit market, in a square before a grand church, a scene after my mind. Loads of the most luscious fruits & vegetables

Purchased a pocket full of lemons and cherries and giving a Zwayige got back some Rouman Beanochi in change. In mounting towards the Cathedral passed many religious establishments on the way - Convent, Hospitals &c. Went into every open door I came to, and once penetrated into an establishment for decrepit women or some such thing but as I could not speak, and as I always took off my hat and bowed profoundly - to make sure of not being arrested for irreverence I always came off well.

At one door where I saw a monk going in I got past two gates into a handsome church but on poking a little farther, was rudely expelled by a Gendarme. I took off my hat apologised in English and French and bowed myself out. I found it was a Propaganda or College. I had the Cathedral all to myself. Except a priest - who I presume was doing penance. He was going through his facings at the altar, occasionally giving a fantasia on the bell, I suppose to keep him awake. It is a queer old church of the 10th Century. Some old carving and other fandangos about it. Finely situated commanding an extensive view - Returning to the busy quarter took an ice in what seemed the fashionable Cafe. Principal occupants Officers.

Many thickish looking sailors offering dogs for sale, in which there seems to be considerable traffic.

Having still some time to spare I met the Dame by appointment and taking a boat we went out into the bay and had a delicious swim grateful after our warm morning's climb. Got back to the steamer and shortly sailed. The order of the day in the Austrian Lloyd Co. is the same at all the stations. For victuals the charge is 5 Florins per day = 6/- including the following meals

A cup of coffee on rising.

At 10. Breakfast. Omelet, Chicken, Macaroni & tea or wine

- 4. Dinner. Very fair. Curious, these Italians can't eat soup without grated cheese. Jangle! At every meal Sardines are put down, also thin sliced sausages well seasoned with garlic - Pain et Vin à discretion

At 8 pm tea - All else charged extra -

14th After breakfast cast anchor in the bay of Golfoetta further south on east coast of Italy. Landed in the ship's boat but the stink of filth were so horrible and the place so wretched looking moreover the heat of the sun so intensely scorching that I was glad to get back to the awning of the steamer where I lay like a "perspiring frog on a log"

The Dame who had determined to see something came

back in an hour quite knocked up and disgusted.

In arriving at these ports no one is allowed to quit the vessel till the Captain, or when there is a Surgeon, he goes ashore write a list of the food and passengers and satisfies the health Officer of the Station that there is no contagious disease on board.

Until this formality is gone through the official boat of the Station keeps guard at the ship's side and prevents any of the boats, waiting for a lift, to touch the steamer. When the port is a thriving one as at Ancon there are not less than 20 boats bobbing up and down on the waves and the boatmen howling like hungry wolves to rush on their prey.

The prevailing shout is "Molina la Scala" "lower the steps" but the moment an unfortunate boat comes within range of the boat hook of the health boat it or its proprietor gets a dig which causes it to sheer off to a respectable distance. The people of the Levant are proverbial for laziness and difficulty of being roused but it is impossible to conceive any human beings exhibiting a more frenzied state of excitement than that shown by these boatmen in their maniacal anxiety to rush into the jaws of destruction before the paddles have stopped, and on being prevented by the decided

interference of the government boat - giving vent to their passion by the most unceasing howling and savage onslaughts on each other. It is a mystery to me that many boats and their crews were not dashed to atoms in the madness to be first.

At midday ^{set on again & in a few hours} cast anchor before Brandiscione. Lying within a short distance of the shore I could see that the place was as repulsive as Molfetta and the heat being intense I remained aboard. In the evening Il Capitano dressed in costume to visit the governor and went ashore. This being the celebration of the Fête de Dieu a grand procession passed along the quay within gunshot of us. From the topmast we saw the priests in their cassocks and the banners and images and heard the music and saw the whole ~~movement~~ - Along the coast of Italy the scenery is not striking and during day were out of sight of land for the most part - The Comp^{te} Aust. Itd. at every station they land at have a purveyor who collects fowls meat &c which is ready at a short notice. He comes off with it whenever a steamer lands so that we were kept in a constant supply of fresh fruit a very profitable thing in the great heat.

15th Since we left Trieste we have been in absolutely calm water. This morning it is very fine. We have not seen a cloud, nor has a ripple ruffled the surface of the water. We are coasting along the hilly shores of Albania - the hills dotted with trees. At mid-day we come into a channel between the mainland and Corfu. This island where we coast along is gently undulating covered with the richest green. It is covered with olive trees now in their richest verdure and the peculiar dark hue of the leaves is grateful to the eyes. Now and then a gap opens into an arable valley but for the most part the country seems covered with olives. At a point where the channel is narrow, a rocky island juts out of the water and here is a beacon or light house on the ruin of an old Castle. On rounding into the bay of Corfu you are struck with the beauty of the situation. The town ~~was~~ built in the bosom of a curved rising ground which is crowned behind by the Citadel and a prominent object is the palace of the Lord High Commissioner. Almost closing the bay the island of Vido strongly fortified lies opposite the town. I lost no time in landing with the Dame and we were led through the streets to a kind of Inn where I intended to sleep ashore as the steamer

was to be off all night - What a curious place this
 Corfu. Here were some drunk English soldiers, there
 positively a policeman. What a squabbling of Greeks
 Turks, Italians, Maltese, Irish and English. This
 is the Ionian Republic but virtually a British
 possession. The Citadel & forts are all garrisoned
 by British and the Lord Commissioner is King. It
 was gratifying to see the delight of the Dame at
 getting into British Quarters..... As long as the light
 lasted we walked out into the country ~~along~~ by
 a road which led along the sea shore and we
 had the pleasure of seeing many promenaders
 evidently English dressed in the most approved
 summer fashions. The scenery along the coast is
 very beautiful and I believe many parts of the in-
 terior are very picturesque but time only admitted
 a short excursion - When it got dark we came
 to a Cafe where we had an ice till the Regiment
 in guard at the Castle turned out on an esplanade
 to delight the inhabitants with some martial music.
 However it only turned out to be the fife & drum
 who marched up and down playing "Up for the Weald"
 and other popular airs. This however drew a crowd
 and I mixed with it to see the affair. On emerging
 from it I found I had got my pocket picked of a

Silk handkerchief.

18th The inn or boarding house I slept in partook of the Italian character dirty & ill aired. Rose early and ascended the Citadel. It seemed true impregnable and is doubtless of great strength, a huge precipitous cliff with batteries cut in the rock and facing in all directions. The Staffordshire Militia formed the garrison. Several Companies of artillery for the guns. The barracks especially the Officers Quarters beautifully situated among luxuriant gardens. On the very summit of the rock is a flat place about 60 yards square mounted with 5 or 6 pieces of the largest size and so placed as to command every point of access whether from land or sea. From this elevated point there is a very good view of the whole arrangement of the town, defences, and harbour. Naturally strong, it has been fortified on the land side with enormous works, while it is almost unapproachable from the sea, and altogether is a very desirable "point d'appui" for British influence in the Archipelago. However I had not long to ruminate on the obliging policy of our Government in providing for the safety of the Ionian Republic by keeping up a force of some 5 or 6 regiments and a frigate or two - the Sun's powerful rays

soon made me thankful to escape from the high prison
 rack I was on - Leaving the fortress I visited the
 Palace and Public Offices - a handsome building with
 a long ellormade from which a good view is obtained
 of the town & harbour. In front of the building are
 gardens on terraces sloping down to the sea - Now
 parting from the Dame I made my way through the
 odoriferous streets, better called narrow lanes, I visited
 the exchange, where the merchants were very few
 like, and had coffee in a neighbouring restaurant.
 What the people do I can't tell but there was a great
 bustle always in the streets and every one seemed busy.
 I am sorry to say that Irish influence prevails
 in improper ways - pocket picking &c and I saw more
 drunk men in the few hours I was at Corfu than
 all the rest of the time I was from home.

In the steamer I found a Militia Officer
 bound for Cephalonia which we reached in the evening.
 He was horribly disgusted at the station. It seems
 that the troops despatched to garrison the Ionian
 Islands, at present all militia, are first sent to
 Corfu that being the best station. But after being
 there a month or two and flattering themselves that
 they are to have the comfort of residing there, they
 are drafted off to Zante Ithaca or Cephalonia where

the quarters are very inferior and Society confines nearly to their own mess. This youth was in anxious expectation of a commission in the army being tried of military Garrison duty. Corfu is the healthiest and pleasantest station except Malta and the others are looked on as little better than prisons; though they are thriving commercial islands since fostered by the British money... Now I am in the classic lands among Grecian Wards and gods - but no I can't get up the appropriate feelings - those pipes & drums and militia men interfere, and this man talking about the best place to get cigars, and his box of preserved meats coming out for the mess, and how his red coat doesn't suit the climate - but he leaves at Cephalonia and I am left the sole cabin passenger.

I read suitable passages from Byron - read a little
Greek history from Murray and endeavouring to fancy
myself in a "Tivvone" tumbled into my berth.

17th This morning we are lying off the town of Missolonghi but the shallows are so extensive that we are four miles from the shore and the passengers come off in great scows. The land seems flat but fertile ~~and~~ the interest of this part lies in the history not in the landscape. This is the region hallowed by the Muse of Byron and by the

heroic struggle of the inhabitants in their struggles, ~~being~~
 throwing off the Turkish yoke. When you are here
 and see the manly and noble fellows in their graceful
 costumes, and hear that language which you have
 been accustomed to associate with the conquerors of
 the world, the leaders in the arts of Sculpture,
 poetry - music & you can't avoid sympathizing
 with the sentimental but diuine undertakings
 to reconstruct Greece as in Ancient times - a
 result produced more by the soul stirring effusion
 of Byron than anything to warrant it in the
 national character.

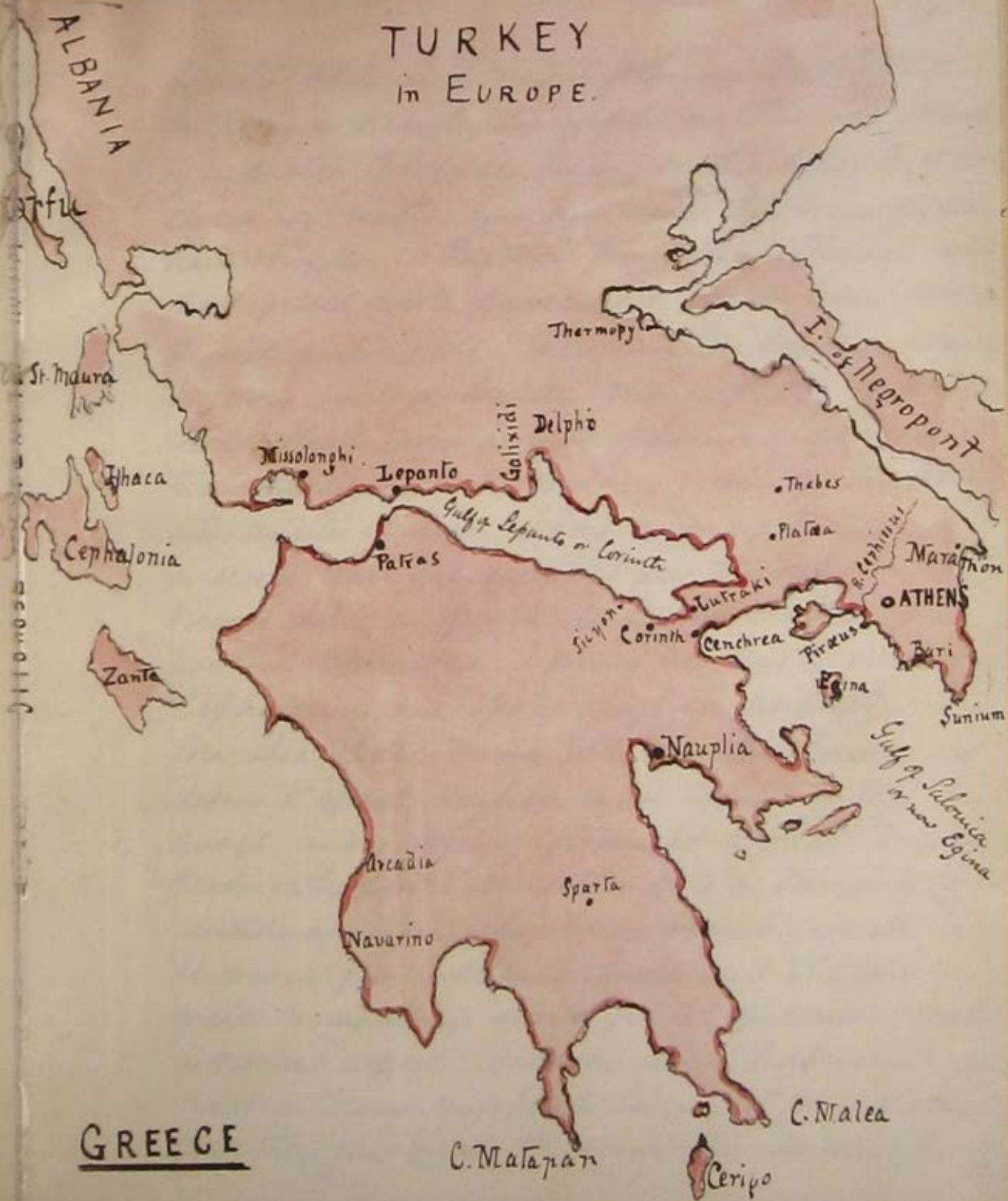
The mountains look on Marathon -
 And Marathon looks on the sea:
 And Musing there an hour alone
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free.
 For standing on the Persian's grave
 I could not deem myself a slave.
 "Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
 "Must we but blush? Our Fathers' blood
 "Earth! render back from out thy breast
 "A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three
 To make a new Thermopylae!"
 The history of the war of Greek independence

shows to what noble deeds of valour and resistance a nation can be roused by striking the chords of patriotism especially in a people of such splendid physical endowments as the Greeks. The sporadic and irregular struggle which ended in the final emancipation of the Kingdom show that the old Grecian heroism is not extinguished and if they lay so long under the thralldom of the Turk it is to be attributed to the low state of their moral character which will ere long cause Greece again to be blotted from the map of Europe at least as an independant nation.

About two o'clock we cast anchor before Patras on the opposite shore of the Gulf of Lepanto. The heat was intense and the Sun so powerful that all the houses on the shore were shut up with Venetian shutters as if plague struck. No one was moving about. The people - especially today Sunday - take their Siesta till sunset when they go out to promenade in the cool evening. Patras after being built demolished & rebuilt many times, is now of a modern appearance, built close on the shore. A considerable mart for traffic.

18. In the morning off Lepanto or Nepaktos

TURKEY in EUROPE.



a town built in a curious form on the slope of a hill, in a triangle, the apex on the hill formed by a castle the base resting on the sea. It is enclosed by walls and has been the scene of several hard struggles... By this time the steamer was well filled with passengers going from port to port of the gulf. There are no landing places; a ferry boat or skiffman many, putting off at each town. I had now a good opportunity of seeing true specimens of the modern Greeks of the lower and middle classes. I had made up to a man a second class passenger (I was the only cabin) dressed like a Frenchman in French clothes, who had two little sons. I found he was a Greek from Cephalonia but spoke English perfectly - His boys also spoke it. He told me the Greeks all desire to speak English more than any other language and I found afterwards a great many Greeks who spoke it well. It is a branch of education at their schools as French is with us. He was a fine intelligent man and told me a great many things about Greece, of course with a Grecian aspect. His boys and I had some amusement in trying my Greek lingo. I found also that they are trying to revive the ancient Greek

of the Classics and that the classic writers used in our Universities are the present textbooks of the Greek Schools. Thus the boys knew when I gave them by "wrote" $\Theta\epsilon\lambda\omega\ \lambda\epsilon\gamma\epsilon\iota\tau\alpha\ \alpha\tau\gamma\epsilon\iota\delta\alpha\varsigma$ &c.

The Greek man I am speaking of brought me to a party of fine looking men with some ladies (I suppose) in their company. We were mutually interested in each other. I found on writing some common words in Greek characters they said and understood them at once but on my repeating them they did not understand. The pronunciation is somewhat changed and the idiom a good deal but the characters the same. Probably however the real pronunciation of the Ionic vowels has never reached this country and I was hearing it for the first time... I told them my ~~errand~~ mission and they were of course much interested but every one seemed to think the Sebastopol expedition quite Quixotic. They seemed to have high notions of the Russians but a most ludicrous and bitter contempt of the Turks. But then we were in the cradle of the Greek insurrection. The men round me were actors in that great and successful struggle. One of them had the knack to compare it to the efforts of the Scots under Wallace and could I refuse them

to agree with them? One of them a great fellow with a "belly full" of pistols and disks and a cymeter at his side came up and pointed out a spot in the wall of Lepanto which he had defended for hours and where he received a wound. I was so taken with the man that we shook hands on the spot and ~~he~~ in exchange for my card wrote his name in my book "ΤΕΡΑΣΤΙΩΣ ΜΑΡΟΝΣ".

Captain of irregular infantry or guerillas. In appearance the Greeks are a splendid race of men. The women I saw were not beautiful they had fine eyes and were rather handsome but like most peasantry, exposed to the sun they were rather coarse. The men are fine handsome fellows. I have rarely seen a race superior to them physically. They are almost all of a strong well built men with an intellectual cast of countenance ~~but~~ a crafty and knowing look - however this may have been from some preconceived notion on my part. The dress sets them off to great advantage. The Albanian is the usual costume and sometimes is very handsome & smart. A red, blue or green embroidered jacket, with loose open sleeves hanging down from the shoulders - a figured vest - a garment something like a high-land kilt but made of white calico plaited

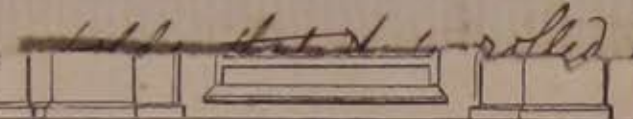
into so many folds that if unrolled it would wind
 many times round the wearer's body - not unlike
 the skirts of an opera dancer - Lastly, leggings
 of red or blue cloth often tastefully embroidered with
 silk, gold, and silver thread. When these loose
 and flowing robes are put in motion by the usually
 graceful gait of the Greek, he looks really an
 imposing fellow. He needs to be careful however
 about his washing, for when these white robes
 are dirty they are very repulsive. - I was astonished
 to find that even in the heat of summer - I suppose
 to ward off the sun's rays - many wore a kind of
 top coat of white woollen stuff, rendered still
 heavier by numerous tassels and tag-rags - I need
 not say that I avoided such men, as they were
 walking menageries of unpleasant creatures. The
 men all carried a string of black beads which they
 counted over or played with - partly for the purpose
 of helping them to go through a certain ritual of their
 religion. The most part however seemed to work with
 them from sheer habit or to keep them from doing
 some mischief, as they seem a restless set. They smoke
 a great deal and all in the form of cigarettes. They
 make them of very large size and smoke them
 from a mouth tube. This was another mode

of introduction to them for I had seen tobacco here and



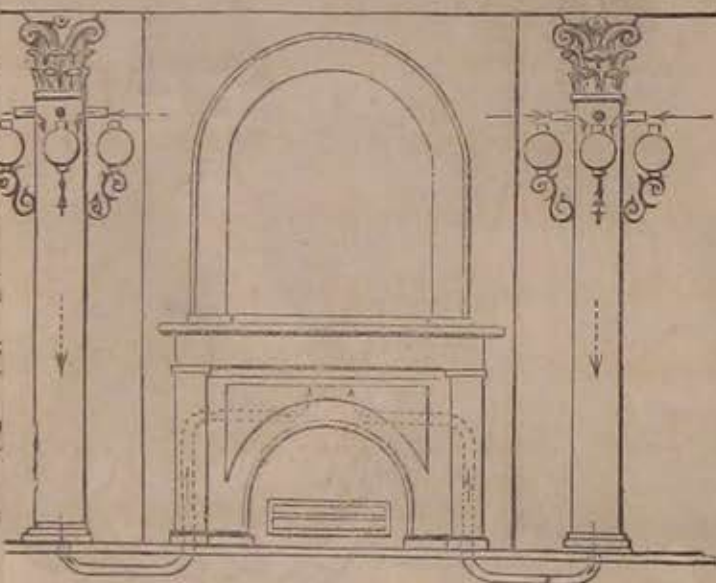
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racing along side, the sun glistering on their silvery backs. They were dolphins, large fish, found in great abundance in the gulph which is also the habitat of anchovies and sardines. Sitting on the bowsprit and watching the cutwater I saw a pair of dolphins one on each side of the bow, darting along and keeping exactly at the same pace as the steamer; they had the appearance of sea horses tugging us. The mate ran for a gun and taking deliberate aim shot one which we saw on the surface on our trail behind us.



PATENT AIR-SYPHON VENTILATOR.

These illustrations we give the air-syphon ventilator in two of its portable forms, because they enable us to present the whole apparatus exposed to sight. The portable ventilator which might be set on the mantel-piece, a, the base; b, the tube of communication with the chimney. The extremity of the tube enters through the valve of the register. When the ventilator is used without a fire, as for example in the summer, it will be (although not necessary), that the space left in the opening of the valve register, between the tube and the margins of the opening, should be covered by a piece of sheet tin, cut so as to fit and cover the space.



second illustration shows the double adaptation of the principle to ventilate and convey away the heat from gas or other lamps, in drawing-rooms or working apartments, by simply perforating an ornamental pillar, and putting a piece of tubing under the floor to the nearest chimney; by this means, an almost uniform temperature may be maintained the whole even-

days of the stage, when the ideal of such creations whose names are now historical. Only Mr. Wallack remains. Charles Kemble was when the *Benedicts*, *Cassios*, and other objects of critical study.

SURREY.

The plan of management apparently adopted at this theatre, new to the old, is being consistently carried out. On Tuesday the tragedy of "Glencoe" was revived. The selection of the refined taste of Mr. Creswick, since his choice must have been poetic beauties with which the play is thickly studded. He was able to add, that not only was the play capitally acted, but listened to attentively by a crowded auditory, who occupied the right places, showed that they sufficiently appreciated what was excellent. As *Halbert Macdonald*, he set forth the moodiness and passion of the modern hero, skilfully out the poetic elements of the character, and a heroic bearing with indisputable pathos. Mr. Mead was *Ellen Campbell*, as *Ellen Campbell*, was the high-souled sacrificing her dearest interests at the call of honour. They were respectfully filled; particularly *McLan*, by Mr. Edmund by Mr. Bruce Norton. The final tableau was admirably maintained amidst great applause. The success of "Glencoe" for the poetic drama.

LYCEUM.

On Monday, this elegant theatre re-opened, according to the two Olympic pieces—"The Sentinel" and "The Garrigue" accompanied by Mr. Planché's two-act vaudeville of "The Duke" in which Mr. Charles Matthews supported *Pierre Paillet*, and the *Duchess de Chartres*, with their accustomed vivacity. Julia Glover made her first appearance on the stage as *Julia*, the part was small, showed capacity.

MARYLEBONE.

On Monday, Mr. Oxenford's version of the French tragedy was repeated, with Mrs. Mowatt in the heroine, and Mr. De la Motte as father, as during the last season. The piece, though colored by the excellent acting of these proficient artists.

ASTLEY'S, on Monday, presented its audience with a spectacle, constructed by Mr. Fitzball, from the opera of *Le Roi de West* being the hero, and the whole succeeding to manifest one of the most attractive pieces of the season. The plot was admirable, and the tableaux of the most striking description.

The American steamer, *Empire City*, sailed from New York on the 5th of September, having sailed from California in August. She had on board 50 passengers from California, and dust from San Francisco valued at 1,000,000 dollars.

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and flowing

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some mischief, as they seem a restless set. They smoke

a great deal and all in the form of cigarettes. They

make them of very large size and smoke them

from a mouth tube. This was another mode

of introduction to them for I had my tobacco bag and cigarette book and we exchanged pinches as smokers do. Some of them had very handsome swords and one or two of them firelocks and I was surprised to find that all were in some way armed at least with a shiletto. The steamer seemed common property the quarter deck being occupied by all sorts of picks but the "menagerie men" out of compliment to me were kept down. The Cabin was my own rightful possession, but I never had occasion to retreat, for the quarter deck people were clean and agreeable.

It was a magnificent day, exceedingly warm, the fish were leaping out of the water on all sides. Looking over the side of the vessel I could see them darting about and going below the keel and then racing along side, the sun glistening on their silvery backs. They were dolphins, large fish, found in great abundance in the gulf which is also the habitat of anchovies and sardines. Sitting on the bowsprit and watching the cutwater I saw a pair of dolphins one on each side of the bow, darting along and keeping exactly at the same pace as the steamer; they had the appearance of sea horses tugging us. The mate ran for a gun and taking deliberate aim shot one which we saw on the surface on our trail behind us.

At mid-day we were lying off Palixidi, a town at the mouth of the bay in which lie Scala di Salona or the landing place for those in days of old going to consult the famous oracle at Delphi.

There rose the lofty Parnassus the mount of inspiration at the base of which lay the oracle of Apollo in whose hands lay many a time the fate of Greece. I was now truly in the land of Grecian Muse when I was within a few steps of Parnassus. I could hardly realise the idea that I was so near the mysterious temple which used to form the subject of our daily lessons in the grammar school. Little did I think when I once bought a copy of the "Gradus ad Parnassum", to assist me in the fabrication of "hexameters" that I was really to be in classic ground, under the shadow of that Mount which has caused many a weary night of study, many a stroke of the cane, and many a wish that it was rather at the bottom of the sea.

The scenery of this Gulf is not very striking hilly on both sides and the hillsides covered with the dwarf vine. In many parts the soil was bare and in most the green season was past and was succeeded by a the brown caused by the scorching heat. How I longed for a bath! In many parts the shores are similar to the Clyde between Forth and Drumon above that

width in places at others very much wider. Near Par-
massus and from that to the top it gets finer and the
northern shores are very striking till you come within
sight of Corinth when the view is truly grand.

It was about seven in the evening when
the steamer reached the head of the Gulf. The
water is about a mile broad. The northern shore
is steep and precipitous, the cliff rising abruptly
from the water in various fantastic shapes, and
crowned here and there with some crumbling ruin.
The southern shore is flat, consisting of a plain
about two or three miles in breadth, bounded by a
range of steep and craggy hills; standing out from
which in bold relief is the massive rock on whose
summit are the remains of the Corinthian Citadel.
The sun had just sunk down beneath the northern
hills, and a pleasant coolness succeeded to the scorching
heat of his direct rays - the evening breeze beginning
to ripple the hitherto dead waters of the Gulf - the top
of the Acro-Corinthus was glowing in vivid red,
while the town at its base was already shrouded
in gloom, all the more sombre by the contrast.

I was sitting in a contemplative mood admiring
the scene, and musing on some of the many events
that were crowded into that narrow strip of country

When a heavily bearded young man, with a pair of very merry eyes, and a perpetual but unaccountable grin, came up to me and made some observations in French appropriate to the locality. We fell into a chat during which he became acquainted with my destination; and I ascertained that he was a native of Patras, and was a student at Athens, where he was going. He informed me that his brother was a Subaltern Officer in the Greek Army, and was on his way to join his regiment at Corinth. They both offered to conduct me to that town, lodge me, and see me off next day; but as the night was now set in I thought it unjudicious to adopt that plan with perfect strangers, in a country where the inhabitants are proverbially lawless. There were none but Greeks on board so I asked the Captain about the feasibility of the plan, but he recommended me to take care and have daylight to it. The two Greeks however who seemed fine frank fellows, were determined to do the honours of the place, so I gladly accepted their offer to go with me in the morning, much to the chagrin of the old pilot of the steamer who seemed to consider that he had a right to act as guide to all travellers in the K. K. Lloyd Austriaco. This old chap gave me many cautions about going with these Greeks who he said were all a parcel of robbers, but as I

knew that he followed the occupation of guide as well as pilot I could see that this was a bit of spleen, at least in the present case. My new friends insisted on my leaving all the arrangements to them and so I turned in for the night.

19th I was roused at three o'clock and gave my baggage in charge to the Steward to forward to the Port on the other side of the Isthmus; and along with the two others left the steamer in a little boat and landed at the hamlet of Lutraki where the depot of the Aust. Lloyd. They were both in modern costume, the student in French clothes, the other in the army uniform - pale blue tunic, trousers and little cap. I would have hesitated going alone with the student in the dark of the morning, but the presence of an uniform with the little sword at the belt, was a sufficient guarantee that I was all right. The only fault I had to find with my companions was that they stunk fearfully of garlic, but that was a common case in these parts. When our boat touched the shore not a being was to be seen, but on walking a little way from the landing we found three ponies and their keepers asleep on the ground. A little shaking roused them up, and the men got the brutes saddled while we walked on to get some coffee. The house of entertainment

consisted of a rude hut of stones and mud coarsely
 thatched, before which was a sort of verandah made
 of the branches of trees woven together. The people were
 in bed when we went, but in about 10 minutes
 they had risen, lighted a fire of sticks and cooked
 the meal. The Greeks took a "morning" of raki,
 but I contented myself with wetting my lips with
 the cup of muddy stuff they called coffee. I dare-
 say I could make as wholesome a beverage - and
 not unlike it in taste - of some water, a little clay,
 soot, sugar, and a drop of creosote. When properly
 prepared "à la Turk" coffee is very good, but this ex-
 temporaneous decoction was so nauseous, that I pre-
 ferred looking forward to a comfortable breakfast at the
 quarters of my military friend. We got mounted at-
 length on the curious quadrupeds which were fur-
 nished for our transit of the isthmus. They were
 queer barboned looking nags, questionable
 about the eyes, and seemed suddenly to have
 acquired some life since we saw them before
 and I have my suspicions that they got a taste
 of raki. However that may be they jerked im-
 mensely when we tried to mount and mine had
 to be held by a man on each side while I
 scrambled into the seat for the stirrups showed

a decided tendency to slip round when I used them. When we got on the energy of the animals seemed to have been expended for it required the vigorous application of a wicked stick as well as poking & hooting by the attendants, before our cavalcade got fairly under weigh but after getting a start we really did not amiss. By this time the grey light of morning was just beginning to show itself over the eastern hills, at the objects around were becoming a little distinct. We could see the steamer as she lay in the calm water, and a few boatmen moving about the landing - but we were a good way on before anyone was stirring on our line of march.

We rode on the sands at the head of the Gulf - sometimes on a pathway - among dwarf shrubs which grew on the loose soil, always skirting along the edge of the water. The isthmus of Corinth is a low and flat strip of land, with very little rise except toward the Corinthian side. Where it becomes a little more elevated. The soil is dry and gravelly and the vegetation is scanty. Some fields are under cultivation and where proper care was taken the crops seemed

dry food. Indian Corn was the only vegetable grown
 on the route and many of the patches were in
 great luxuriance shewing what might be made
 of the soil with energy and steady labour. A
 curse however seems on it; labourers are few
 and the inhabitants lazy; and whole miles
 are allowed to lie waste and the thicket shrub
 and furze brush occupy fields which might be
 waving with rich produce. It would require great
 labour and attention however for the soil is dry
 and the climate hot. The alluvium is shallow
 and naturally well suited for the dwarf vine
 and other allied plants which grow here in great
 abundance. The whole district along the shores
 of the Gulf is famed for the growth of the small
 grape and the preparation and exportation of the
 dried fruit or "Raisins de Corinthe" (the Currants
 of the Procers) forms the principal occupation &
 source of wealth of the inhabitants. This year
 the crop had turned out bad and a great deal
 of misery was the result. I heard many reports
 of the losses which had been sustained in con-
 sequence of the failure. About half way
 across the isthmus we passed over the ruins of
 the Peloponnesian wall. In many places the building



is entire and the blocks of stone retain their form shewing what a work it must have been when in its integrity. A large gap was made in it in the line of the horse path and the stones were lying about on all sides. Its extremity reaches into the sea and is partially sunk in the sand. Across the land it for the most part disappears from view the ground on each side rising up to form a gradual mound, but in many parts it stands up to the height of 6 or 8 ft and at these places you can see that it is formed of a mass of accurately squared stones. As we approached Corinth we met a few Cavaches or mounted police in their native dishabille, and a train of ponies with some sort of merchandise wending their way toward the port on the other side of the gulf, and some few peasants were turning out to their daily occupation in the fields. The sun had by this time come fairly into view and all the objects around were glowing with brightness. The Citadel or Acro-Corinthus was the most prominent object in view perched on the summit of a steep isolated rocky mountain which rose up abruptly from the plain, somewhat like Dumbarton Castle on the Clyde. It is easy to conceive how the situation of the tower should

have made it a place of great importance in
 the early history of Greece. Situated between
 the Gulf of Lepanto and the Aegean Sea, and
 not more than two hours ride from either, it
 of course became the market through which
 the merchandise of the East passed to the West—
 and protected by its almost impregnable citadel
 it formed the chief barrier to the passage of the
 isthmus and hence became a celebrated place
 of arms. The Isthmian games celebrated in
 its neighbourhood brought immense crowds of
 strangers from all parts of Greece and hence
 it became theemporium of art, and soon
 was celebrated for its luxury and splendour. These
 circumstances while adding to its importance also
 made it a much coveted prize to the invader
 and it was frequently sacked and burnt during
 the incursions of the Romans, Goths, Turks
 and finally during the revolutionary war.
 From this last disaster it has not recovered—
 no gateway marks the entrance, no towers
 attract the eye of the traveller, but you enter
~~through~~ through some passages among wooden cabins
 picking your way as best you can among loose
 stones and rubbish which seems to collect water

led. The officer led the way through some of
 these passages to a stone house, with a yard
 enclosed by a wall, where were "the quarters"
 Here we dismounted and gave our mags to some
 boys who were waiting about and the officer
 gave some orders about a repast, during the
 preparation of which we set off to see the lions
 of Corinth. What a melancholy spectacle to
 contemplate! Is this mass of wooden and mud
 booths all that remains of the great city? No
 temples, palaces and towers are no more, they and
 the wealthy enterprising inhabitants live only in
 the history of the past. Still what an interest
 attaches to the spot! Here was the stronghold of
 Greece, this was the guardian citadel of the
 Peloponnesus - Here St. Paul resided and founded
 a Christian Church and to the ancestors of those
 boisterous men he addressed his two Epistles. I
 could hardly realize that this was the place
 of the Corinthian Church. At present not a place
 of worship Christian or Mahomedan is visible
 the ancient Pagan temple alone strikes the eye.
 This celebrated ruin we first visited. It stands
 out on an empty space, a little raised, which
 might be called a back lawn of the main

thoroughfare of the town. This ruin of great antiquity (at least 700 B. C.) dedicated to Minerva consists of seven pillars of the Doric order belonging to one corner of the building. Each column, about 6 ft diameter, is carved from a single piece of stone, with the exception of the Capital. Two of them stand unconnected, the others are joined by blocks of stone resting on the Capital of two contiguous pillars. The work of destruction will soon proceed. Of the detached pillars, one has its capital partially displaced, the edge overlaying the column half a foot. You cannot help thinking that the least cribbing of the shaft or a rude pole will overbalance this mass and leave the pillar incomplete. Why does not some antiquary mount up and move the mass into a place of safety? a crowbar and a little lime would preserve this fine specimen of ancient work art for many years. There is something melancholy in this ruin. It stands alone and claims the undivided attention of the stranger. One or two broken pieces of stone lying near have evidently belonged to the temple, but the seven pillars stand alone on the plain, separated from all buildings, ancient or modern.

The platform on which they stand is built of masonry and elevated several steps above the ground, and while standing on it you see beyond, the straggling village, the representation of the city which, once on a time, stretched on all sides of the sacred building. In the centre of this platform a spring bubbled up, and rippling to the edge was conveyed by a wooden spout into a trough, formed, evidently, of a pillar which had been scooped out for the purpose. At this classic fountain two villagers were washing clothes, of course innocently ignorant of the sacrilege they were guilty of in defiling the sacred stream with their soap suds. The platform being the smoothest and most level piece of ground in the vicinity was used as a drilling ground for the military and two Johnny rows (Cornuthians) were at this moment going through their evolutions with the same amount of vivacity which is usually characterises that exercise among our own troops. The Cornuthians are evidently utilitarians, applying their classic ruins to the purposes of a washing green & parade ground. One or two donkeys were grazing thistles which

grew abundantly among the Stones.

We retraced our steps through the village and by this time the inhabitants were beginning to show. They were good specimens of Greeks like those before described. The most public part of the village was a kind of square or rather junction of three main thoroughfares, in the centre of which is a large umbrageous tree, under the shadow of which some patriarchal men were smoking - and round this open space were booths for the sale of various sorts of vegetable, fish, cloth, shoes &c and the barbers, in which latter, it being an open booth with neither doors nor windows, I saw a youth undergoing a delectable head scrubby while many others were sitting round either waiting their turn or wiling away the time at what was evidently the centre of gossip of the place. Passing on towards the east we got into a field litterally strewn with broken stones and on picking up one of these I found on it evident traces of carving. What these were likely to be the remains of I could not find out so we went on till we came to a sudden and steep descent down the side of a rock which

had been here and then faced with hewn
 stone. This was the remains of the Amphitheatre which still retain its oval shape,
 at least in one half which was hewn out
 of the rock; the remaining half being formed
 of masonry has been destroyed but the mounds
 around containing the oval points out the sit-
 uation of the wall. The Amphitheatre was
 originally 300 ft long and 200 ft broad, but
 this space is now encroached on by the ruins
 of the masonry of the upper part. At the
 end next the rock from which it has been
 hewn is a cleft or cavern about 3 ft wide
 and extending a long way underground, from
 which flows a small rill of water. Some people
 who apparently had been camping for the night
 in that historical spot told us that the current
 notion as to that fissure and stream is, that it
 is a subterranean channel by which one of the
 springs of the Acro-Corinthus discharges itself
 into the plain, and it certainly is just in
 the course which water would take. Another
 opinion is that the beasts and gladiators em-
 ployed at the spectacles in the Amphitheatre
 entered the arena by that opening: but it

does not communicate with any cells from which they might come; and it bears evidence of having been a watercourse for a very long time. The stream which issues is said to have some healing and invigorating properties, so in order to reap all the advantage possible from my visit I took a draught of the enchanted waters.

Having seen the remains of Ancient Corinth my companions led me back to the centre of the village to a Caffé - a large lofty room with earthen floor, a few tables and benches, with plenty of bottles ranged on the shelves - where we were accommodated with a small glass of some highly spiced liqueur; a single drop satiated me. My student friend made some enquiries about some specimens of ancient pottery which had been found ~~during~~ⁱⁿ some excavations made at Icyon. We found that they had been removed to Athens but were directed to a gentleman who had a private collection in his own house. Determined to see all my guides introduced me to this man who was smoking his morning cigarette in the Caffé.

He was a good specimen of a Modern Corinthian, dressed tastefully as before described (p. 129.)

a pleasant obliging man. He invited us to come to his house and led the way out of the village where it stood. A nice garden surrounded with flowers and fruit separated it from the road. You enter by a large door which admits to the hall, occupying the whole ground floor except a little room at each side for the servants. Up stairs a number of doors lead off from the lobby. The room we were shown into, was rather bare to an English taste, but all the more comfortable in that climate; little furniture and no carpet. The proprietor brought us a number of exquisite little vases which he had himself disinterred from the neighbourhood of Sicily. not unlike those got among the ruins of Pompeii. He stated that the King had taken these lately at Corinthus to add to a National Museum at Athens. I thus had an opportunity of seeing the house of a gentleman of the period. He was a man of considerable property which he farmed himself. At least such is the account I got.

Being now nearly famished I rejoiced when the officer directed his steps towards his quarters for breakfast. We found that it was ready and sat down at table waiting its arrival. The

quarters are not magnificently furnished but I knew that barrack life is not over comfortable in a small place. The room was bare and the furniture a table and four stools - but on my way to the war I was glad to get a foretaste of soldiers life. A harassing dialogue took place between the officer and a hobbled soldier about wine which ended in a rough rebuke and order to "run quick". At last the eagerly looked for dinner made its appearance. The "Kivers was removed" when, Faugh!, I thought I would have dropped down sick. What a stench! Onions and garlic and grease. About four pounds of Mutton clipped into irregular bits - hissing hot - swimming in a bowl of gravy - greasy and nasty - Oh! What a smell! of onions. However after the first impression hunger overcame and I put a bit in my mouth. I thought I would vomit. It was bad, and as hot as Cayenne. I took a mouthful of the fresh wine to cool my palate - Oh! imagine strong vinegar with some cloves & pepper steeped in it and a little Aniseed for a flavour. My eyes watered profusely and I screamed for water.

This was horrible so I said I could never touch garlic when fortunately the officer said I could

set some eggs and as they would not put pollution into them I asked for some. So I made a meal of egg bread and water and, luxury! I had an orange in my pocket. I was very sorry to put such a damper on the Officer's Mess especially as a venerable man introduced as the "Major" hearing the story looked at me as if I were a savage and soaking a bit of bread in the ~~foam~~ liquid sucked it up eagerly. I can eat like my neighbors on most occasions but toleration of nastiness has a limit which even Kunga has a difficulty in overcoming.

I was glad to get out to the open air and replace the odour of parble by an aromatic cigarette. Our steeds being revived by a mouthful and a rest we mounted and set off for our destination on the other side of the isthmus. The road is nearly level through fields which here are in good cultivation. The harvest was long in and a dry punctured stubble remained. It was intensely hot and riding on the rude pads was a trying affair. It is easier going at a canter than any other pace and as we were on the actual spot where the ancient Isthmian games were celebrated, of course we must have a race. The beasts flicked their tails

and off they went, we were in great spirits, stirring up the dust and scattering the locusts, when my stirrup, to which I trusted too much, snapped, and being unprepared I was forwile hurled "prone in Capent" and bit the Corinthian dust having got a good mouthful of sand. However the dust was deep and no harm done. The runaway pony was captured and we proceeded for a while at a sober pace. Although there was nothing striking in the landscape except the Peloponesian wall along which we rode, yet there were many objects to amuse and interest. The air was filled with a cloud of locusts and when you looked at the sun I can compare the effect to nothing but a shower of thick snow. They were so numerous as to produce a distinct shade and the noise of their wings and jerking of their legs was most curious. They seemed to have settled on the fields on each side but as we rode up they started into life, for several yards before and on each side. This continued for miles and we must have seen many millions of these curious creatures. Then we came to a farm where they were threshing corn in the true Eastern manner. Some ponies and bullocks

were confined by ropes to a centre pole and a man with a whip caused them to trot round like in a circus: with their feet they kicked about a quantity of corn and thus shook out the grain. Every few minutes one or another put down their heads and had a mouthful which they can easily do as they have no bit or harness on. The custom seems to continue "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn".

About midday we reached the coast of the other side of the isthmus, a sandy beach skirted with trees. A small hamlet called Calarnaki has grown up at the spot where the Aust. Lloyd Co. have their depot. Here are a few stores and spirit shops and one or two inns such as they are. The hamlet is built on the site or near the spot where formerly stood Cenchrea mentioned in the Acts. A great collection of people were congregated here - some en route to Corinthe, having arrived shortly before in the steamer from Athens - others like myself on their way to the Capital. All were of the middle or lower class. I was the only traveller there. Waiting about till

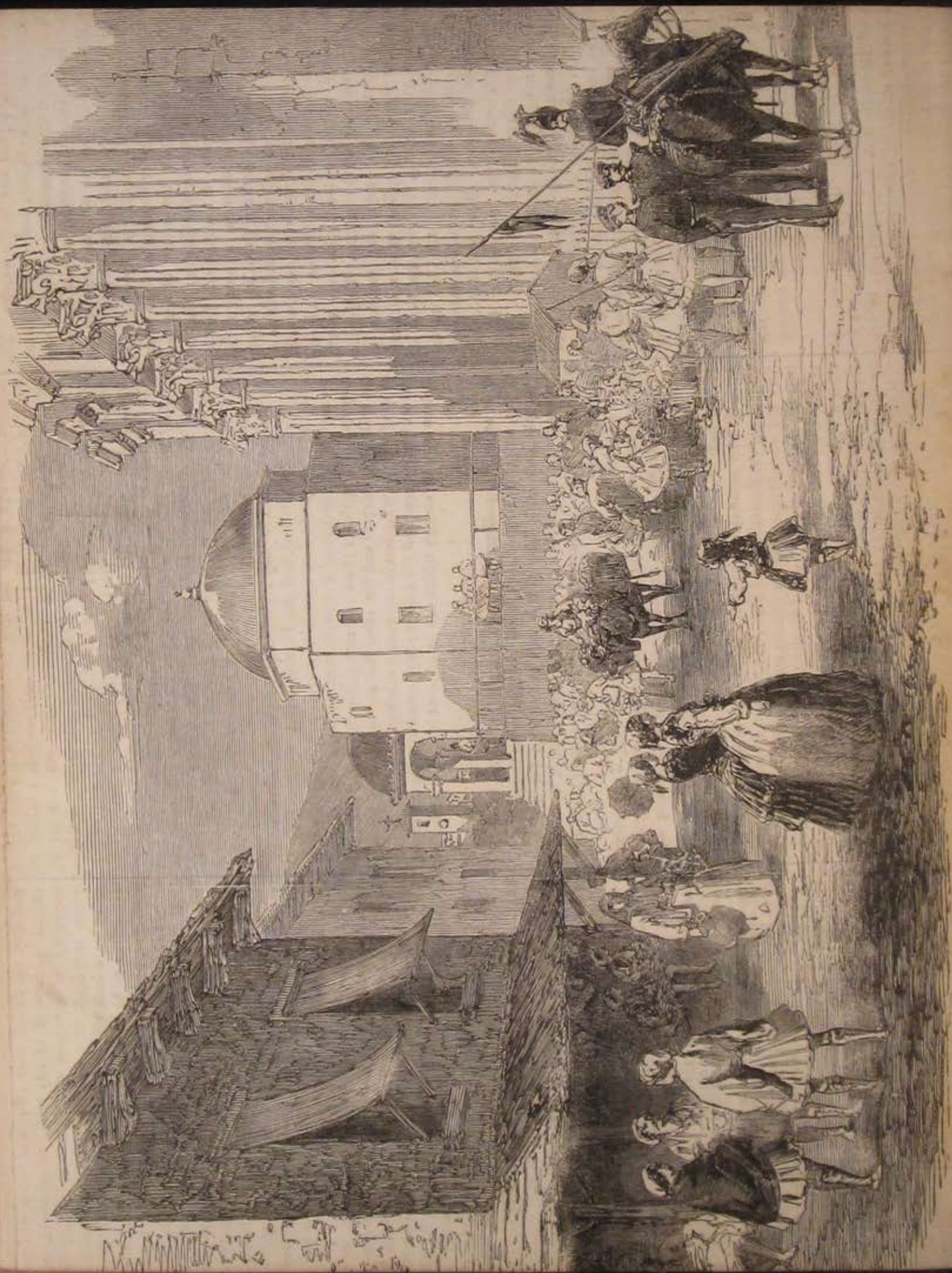
it was time to go aboard the steamer I eagerly
 searched for something to supplement my breakfast.
 I found all the shops sold drink - raki - but
 none any decent provisions - I always carried
 a lemon in my pocket so getting a glass of a
 sort of spirit something near to rum I made
 a good glass of punch and some good white rolls
 were excellent. At the door of the booth a number
 of people seemed eating or sucking some species
 of food and as I wanted a practical knowledge of
 Greek life I went to partake - I found them
 eating boiled snails - large garden slugs -
 boiled in their shells - It was somewhat repulsive
 but after my morning breakfast I resolved to go through
 everything today - and purchasing a few I actually
 eat some - I daresay if one could get over the idea
 they would not be bad. They are something like
wilks only softer. You eat them by breaking
 off the little curled tail of the shell, and sucking
 the creature out. Having rudely lunched I went
 aboard the steamer and as it was quite calm &
 feeling dirty with my early start - I took un-
 disputed possession of the cabin where I per-
 formed my ablutions and shaved my beard after
 the example of St Paul - who at this very spot

shaved his head having a vow. The crowd of Greeks who had taken possession of the Quarter deck was so great that a clearance had to be made which produced a mighty commotion and I thought they would have drawn their daggers on the sailors. However a little firmness and pushing left this part clear - Many envious and fierce looks were cast at me as I walked alone on the consecrated spot, so I left the place and went to the bow beside my student friend who had established himself along with some others in a part of the Steerage. There was a pleasant breeze and the coast was very clear, and while still a long way off the marble capped summit of the Athenian rock was quite plain.

The entrance to Piræus the port of Athens is very narrow, between two large stone pillars which formerly supported a chain which served as a gate. They are built on rocks but the entrance is very deep and admits the largest size of vessel. Inside were lying two or three French and English line of battle ships and steamers. A great many merchant vessels lay at anchor in that secure landlocked harbor. On coming to anchor the steamer was perfectly surrounded with boats for the passengers - the row, noise, shouting and

babel confusion baffles description. One fellow seized
 a passenger, another his boy, a third his bed, a
 fourth his bundle and such a scrimmage as
 would nearly tear them in pieces. As for myself
 being the only cabin passenger I might have been
 carried ashore if I had liked. At least a dozen
 touts with their cards were there. Having fixed
 on a hotel I named it and was at once taken
 possession of by a determined looking man in a
 handsome Greek costume who did all the pushing
 talking & I presume swearing and in little time I
 was ashore. He wanted to put me in a carriage
 and drive me off but seeing that several got into
 one as an omnibus, I made for one where I saw
 two gentlemen and the party was quickly made
 up to 4. One was a Physician who talked French
 and pointed out the objects on the way. Piræus
 is 5 miles from Athens. the road runs along the
 wall of Themistocles which still remains in some
 parts. It was broad enough to allow two chariots
 to pass on it. The road is sandy and dusty, pas-
 sing through vineyards and fields which seem
 important. My eye was always on the look-out
 for the Acropolis which came into view over
 the city. The temple of Theseus is passed





STREET IN ATHENS.

on the right hand and you enter the city through what in former days were the groves of the Academy.

As we rattled through the streets I can't help acknowledging I was sore disappointed. The streets narrow and ill paved and on each side, second class, very French, shops. Half of the people were French dressed the other, bona fide Greeks. I don't know what I expected to see but this certainly was not my Athens. However we were soon at the Hotel d'Angleterre, where I got a room washed ordered some supper and pending its preparation I strolled out to see something of Young Athens. I determined to pore about alone and getting the Greek for the "Temple of Jupiter" the object of my present search, I started. It is not difficult to find one's way for the city is not large and the Acropolis like the Castle of Schinbrun is every where in view and serves as a landmark. I soon came to the Palace a huge square ungraciously edifice faced with pure white marble, but with no pretensions to architectural beauty. In the narrow strip of garden which separates it from the road fine specimens of Aloes, Cactuses, and palms were growing. In front of this the people all turned out to promenade - it was now about 7 pm.

The most were dressed as you see them at a promenade in Paris. But as I longed to feast my eyes of the ruins I asked a bystander for the temple of love by saying, as I was told by the waiter who spoke French, "Olympion". Two or three people whom I asked stared at me but I was unable to add another word but the one "Olympion". However one common-like man seemed to comprehend my drift and gave me a direction which I need not say was Greek and might have been Hebrew for all I knew; but as he pointed with his finger in the direction that was all I wanted. Proceeding in that way I soon perceived the object of my search and numbers of people walking towards it. It stands in what is now the open country about 500 yards from the Arch of Hadrian where the streets begin. It is a favourite resort of the Athenians who go out there, to ride - a stabling establishment for ponies, donkeys & cars being kept up. Of course there is a Cafe for refreshments "Kafevelon". I took a stool beside a little table set out on the field - a Greek waiter came up "I said "Coffee" he shouted "Eva xafn" and I was promptly served from a little bottle with a little cup and a bit of live charcoal to

light my cigarette. The structure which I was thus prepared to survey at leisure and luxury, is perhaps the finer monument of Pæcian Antiquity. It was begun B.C. 530 and finished after Greece had become a Roman province in A.D. 145. The remains consist of 16 Corinthian pillars $8\frac{1}{2}$ ft. in diameter 50 ft. high: originally there were 120 columns of pure white marble, and it may be conceived what a magnificent object it must have been. The marble is now tinged of a yellowish brown by the action of the weather and the edges of the grooves are much crumbled, but the beautiful carving on the Capitals is perfect. The sunset seen through the pillars of the temple was magnificent. I retraced my way into the City, through the Arch of Hadrian a marble structure which is still perfect. The people were turning out to enjoy a stroll in the cool of the evening, the day being too hot for exercise. There are a number of Caffes in Mercury Street fronting the palace where they sit sating ices and confections.

After a substantial supper again emerged and threaded the streets which are dimly lit by stray rays from the dingy oil lamps which hang in the shops. Although I could speak none I continued to purchase some fruit and cigarettes. The most interesting

Object of the evening peregrination was the *Agora* or market place; once a handsome marble structure now a mass of booths where they sell vegetable fruit and other market produce. The famed carved gateway of the ancient market is seen peeping a few feet out of the ground being almost buried in debris and rubbish.

20th Having returned early, I was ready to start on being wakened according to orders at 4. A.M. I had engaged a *Valet de place* to get over the ground in the required time or rather because I had arrived too late to get a "permit" for the Acropolis in the regular way. My man had a thorough knowledge of English so no time was lost in making him understand that my prime object was to get up the rock as early as possible. Not a soul was stirring as we threaded our way through street in the gray of the morning. The Acropolis rises abruptly out of the town very like Edinburgh Castle. A winding ascent leads to the massive walls which encircle the top of the crag. The foundations of the walls are of very remote antiquity but the upper works are Turkish. At a gate in the wall the vallet held a parley with a sentinel and put a piece of silver in his hand, on which we went on our

way. I had not patience to look at any of the building
 until I reached the top. Another custodian being
 appeased by more *lyptas* (Greek coin) I was admitted
 on to the summit of the Acropolis. Words can-
 not describe the effect produced on the mind in gazing
 on these wonders. The sun had not yet crept
 from under cover of Mount Hymettus and a
 grey light barely showed the various points in
 the landscape - but ere long he had mounted
 over the ridge and every spot was in a golden
 glow. The natural beauty of the situation is re-
 markable but invested with the historical interest
 of the place it is irresistible. Around on all sides
 stretches the plain of Athens rich in vineyards - once
 the olive groves of the Academy, the haunt of Plato
 Socrates and the City Saviours. Towards the sea the
 view is bounded by Piræus, overhanging which on
 a hill stands the tomb of Themistocles. At the coast
 the bay of Salamis the scene of that heroic victory.
 Landward on one hand is the Mount Hymettus
 with its gardens; on the other Pentelicus from whose
 bosom the marble had been quarried which now
 beautified the Acropolis. Below lies the city, the
 round temples - the Areopagus, the temple of Theseus
 the Agora.

But the principal wonders were the Sculptures collected on that rock. What a mass of statues' ruins.

And first and grandest of all the Parthenon. The pictures, models, restorations & which one sees at every museum have made that splendid ruin a well known, familiar object - so much so that I recognized it at the first moment, and consequently I was prepared to be astonished and delighted. Now often when you expect a surprise, you are much disappointed, your mind having already outstripped the eye. But here on the Acropolis, no amount of expectation or exaggeration can produce in the mind the feeling of wonder and admiration ~~filled~~ up by a contemplation of the Parthenon. I don't believe any one could weaken this feeling by any previous conceptions however extravagant. Here are a few statistical measurements - When entire it was 228 ft long - 100 ft broad - There were round it no less than 82 Doric pillars, 34 ft in height and 6 ft 2 in diameter - ~~the~~ the pillars rested on a platform raised 3 huge steps above the surrounding level. The top of the temple was 65 ft above the platform. The chamber ^{or cell} of the temple and the front and side resting on the pillars were covered by the exquisite bas reliefs now in the British Museum. Only

a few portions remain, to shew what it once was. Every portion - floor, sides, pillars, roof - of this magnificent structure was of pure white marble from Pentelicus. How they moved such masses of marble, is of itself a subject of wonder. Some of the blocks resting on the pillars of what we may consider the front, are of pyramitic size. But if when entire it was an object of admiration - at the present day it produces a feeling of indescribable astonishment and awe. Only the front and parts of the two sides now remain: the rest, the pillars, sculptures, carved blocks, are strewn around in chaos confusion. And yet they are not crumbled away. The capitals retain their carvings perfectly clean cut - here and there the hand of time, air and water, and still more fire has rounded off some point but in the main the huge fragments have still the imprint of the Sculptor's chisel. It is as if some mighty earthquake had riven the temple and buddled its separated stones into inextricable medley. And when you walk among them and find each separate block higher than you can reach, and see hundreds of such rolled down into the valley and lying about on all sides, it is most melancholy to reflect on the work of devastation. And still more

So when you know that such destruction is of comparatively recent date. For the magnificent edifice which braved the hand of time for 2000 years fell a sacrifice to the Cannon of the Venetians, and was farther destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder when it was used as a powder Magazine in 1687 - In the war of independence it suffered still further and the Turks, used balls of marble when their shot was all expended in resisting the besiegers -

The Parthenon however although the grandest is not the only ornament of the Acropolis. This rock is a collection of temples and statuary of every order and the noblest style of art. The space enclosed by the walls is somewhat ~~less than~~ 1500 ft long by about 500 ft. the area is quite covered with temples or monuments some in the Corinthian others in the Doric style. Most of these are now in ruins the fragments strewed about in painful confusion. Only one other particularly arrested my attention: the Erechtheum or temple of Minerva Polias. They are all of white marble but this struck me from a curious carved portico supported by pillars carved in the form of female figures. There were originally 6 but only three of them preserved the general work. However

the government of King Otto with such funds as they can obtain from their subjects have set about the restoration of this Monument of Antiquity as far as it can be done. They have already gathered into one place all the statues, bas relieves, friezes &c and the more perfect have been removed to the shelter of the temple of Theseus. They have also restored part of the Propylaeum by supplying the place of the pillars above mentioned - a talented Sculptor having executed 3 female figures or Caryatids as they are called, and except for the whiter and fresher colour of the marble the difference could not be remarked.

I sat among the ruins for a long time: not a being stirred to break the mournful solitude of the place. The valet left ^{me} ~~it~~ in undisturbed meditation while he had a private jargon with the Custodian. As I lay on a broken marble shaft, directing my eye, now to the columns of the Parthenon, then to some point in the landscape, every spot of which was consecrated by some deed of renown and valour, I began really to feel the "Genius loci", and to regret that I had not studied more carefully than I had done, Greek and Persian History, so that I might have coupled each locality with the name of some Orator,

or warrior.

Descending from the Acropolis towards the temple of Theseus you cross a plain in the centre of which a huge flat rock rises prominently. This rock is precipitous on all sides except one where on the slope 16 steps have been hewn out of the stone. It is called the hill of Mars or Ἀρεος Πάγος, in modern Greek Areopāgus. The people all called it so, although I was prepared to hear it called Areopāgus. No doubt they have the correct pronunciation. Well if the Acropolis is famous for its association with Pagan Idols and heathen warriors, how much more sacred is this barren rock, where the bold Apostle maintained the honour of the One God. One can scarcely conceive a more exciting and spirit stirring scene for the Athenians of that day - spending their time as they did in frivolous gossip and in finding out and hearing some new thing. Here was a spectacle calculated to rouse them into momentary enthusiasm. A solitary man come to preach the new creed, to demolish their religion, being heard in the Agora or market place, to utter what to them must have sounded blasphemy and sedition, was now led up the steps to that prominent rock - the tribunal where the Council of Areopagus sat.

the court of judgment of those capitolly accused - and being put forth in the midst, was called on for his defence. Well might his spirits have been stirred within him at that moment as well as before, when he saw the idolatry spread around. Which ever way he turned his eye, it could not but rest on one of the many temples of Paganism - Below at his feet, the temple of Hesus and the olive groves of the Academy with statues of Javrus &c or behind, the colonnade of the Parthenon and the colossal statue of Minerva, the glittering point of whose spear was visible from the sea. Surrounded with these emblems of idolatry St Paul from the hill of judgment, burst forth into that sublime harangue recorded in the Acts, Convincing the Athenians that in the midst of that profusion of temples to the gods of paganism, they still felt the want of a real Divinity by rearing an altar to "The Unknown God." "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship him declare I unto you" - While the eye cannot fail to be charmed with the relics of the noblest specimens of Architecture, the Christian traveller regards with more intense interest, that now stripped and bare rock, from which the Gospel was first announced to the Athenians by the Gentile Missionary.

My next visit was to the Temple of Theseus the most perfect of all the temples - that is, the one which has suffered least devastation. It is in a very perfect state and having been lately re-roofed it serves as a museum for statues, bas reliefs, and urns which have been collected from the acropolis where they were exposed to the elements. It is of the Doric order and in good preservation.

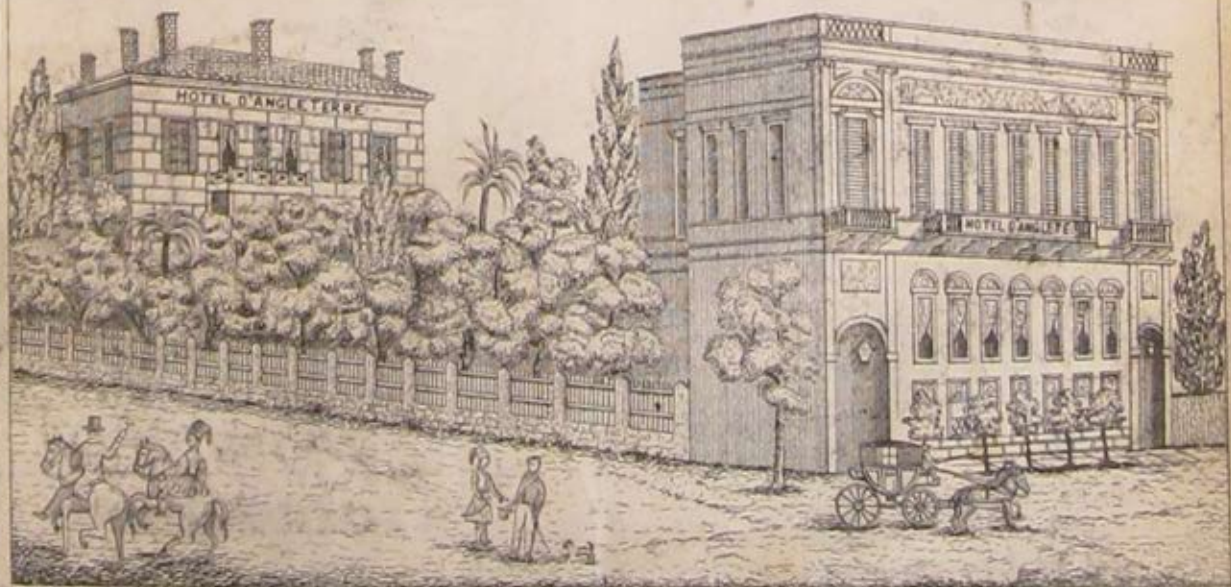
In the plain a regiment of Greek soldiers was going through its drill. They were firm, strong men well clothed and armed - After a cup of coffee I took a leisurely stroll through the streets. It was curious to hear the children mthing the Greek words, but they came out quite smoothly. I began to believe that Greek babies are rocked to sleep to the sweet song "Οὐδὲν λεγείν Αἰγείδας" but I still wonder what Greek unpronounceable they substitute for Papa Mamma-m. & baw-birdie &c. I visited a printer's establishment and purchased a newspaper of the day called.

Having accomplished a good morning's work of 6 hours I returned to the hotel at 10 for breakfast. They gave me some fresh honey and on asking the waiter where it came from he said from Hymettus - I have some recollection of the bees

of Hymettus in classic lore - I had now seen everything to interest me in Athens. I might have staid three days for the next steamer, but I would only have revisited what I had seen and been dull in intervals. I had no companion at present and did not care about journeys inland alone in the unsettled state of the country.

Hôtel d'Angleterre à Athènes

ELIAS POLICHRONOPOULOS



Lith. L. Joannou, Athènes

Situé sur la promenade, vue sur la Mer, appartements décorés au dernier goût. Cuisine, table d'hôte et vins étrangers, jardin, Salle des bains, journaux Anglais et Français, chevaux &c.

The entrance to Athens is guarded by Quarantine, the departure by Police regulations. In coming I entered without let or hindrance, having my face turned Eastward; but those coming west have a purification of a week before they can touch the land. In leaving however I required the permission of various authorities before I could get a ticket for passage, and Demetrius the valet-rushed about getting greasy stamps on my passport while I rested at the K. K. Aust. Lloyd Gesellschaft. At length all impediments were overcome and I drove down to Piræus. It was a dusty road and the man drove well, so we kicked up a great dust. I could not help thinking on the Olympic games, however unclassical the vehicle, a common noddy with a driver on the dickie. But the said dicky was low, and the front of the machine was open so I saw the whole manoeuvres of the jehu. He stood, when he lashed the horses as he frequently did, and his long loose white robes streamed behind - so really it was a very creditable imitation of the chariot-courses - "metagne ferrida cavitata rotis" - On arriving at Piræus I paid off Demetrius, and need not say, was severely smelted by the Greek.

The steamer from Trieste was due at noon but now 1pm. was not in sight, so at the advice of a man I had seen in the steamer on the Gulf of Corinth, I bestowed myself and portmanteau into a sort of tavern, close to the landing place to await the arrival of the vessel. But the whole day passed, and no sign of the ship. The wind had been contrary which often causes considerable delay. — The tavern where I waited was a very common poor affair, but as I was in hourly expectation of getting away, I did not think it worth while to enquire for an hotel. About a dozen decent people, were waiting there also, and as I found six of these who spoke English well, I was glad to wait where I was. These people were of a class that, meeting them in our country, you would take them for foremen in a factory, the younger for clerks in a warehouse. And yet one half spoke English fluently. Being very tired I lay on a bench and slept half the day. Once or twice I tried a stroll along the quay and streets, but the heat, wind, and dust, were so aggravating that I was always glad to get back to the taproom. I don't know how I managed to kill the time, but I took endless cigarette & cups of coffee.

Evening came and I was still brooding
 about the Caffi, as it was called, when I saw
 the Captain of the steamer in which I had
 come who introduced me to a Greek Merchant
 who spoke English well. We sat and had a
 long talk. He was in business in London
 and was on a visit to Athens his native city.
 Hearing that I was for the war he entered
 into a long dissertation on its prospects and
 more especially the future of Turkey and Greece.
 Like all other Greeks with whom I came
 in contact, the one dominant feeling ruling
 over all other considerations was, hatred of
 the Turks. I never met a Greek who did
 not speak of the Turks with the most absolute
 loathing and contempt. This is not confined
 to the Turks as a nation, but I believe a Greek
 is educated to consider each individual Turk
 a personal enemy and a defrauder. Hence
 they have the most bitter hatred of the mild &
 indolent Moslems. Of course this is reciprocal
 to a certain extent, hence Greek is a synonym
 in Turkey for thief or blackguard... The Eastern
 war is of course regarded through this medium
 and as formerly England and France when as

assisting the Greeks in asserting their independence
 were their greatest friends - Now that they are
 assisting the Turks they are regarded with sus-
 picion of not openly with sincerity, while ~~Russia~~
 Russia is openly defended. But the feeling
 is complicated by another circumstance. The
 Greeks not content with the boundaries of their
 present ill populated kingdom have been push-
 ing their way into the Turkish territory as defined
 by the last treaty, and at all events have been
 stirring up sedition among the Turkish popula-
 especially those who belong to the Greek religion.

This although not authorized by the Greek gov-
 ernment is continued. Hence the British
 and French have thought right to send a
 few frigates to the Bay of Salamis and some
 5000 men each, under colour of assisting King
 Otto to keep his rebellious children in order.
 The presence of these troops adds fuel to the fire.
 The King openly receives them, while they are
 avowedly there for the protection of Turkey. Hence
 the people are in a state little short of sedition.
 The whole country round about is infected
 with robbers, or rather the people are all
 robbers at least towards strangers. While I was

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 who spoke English well. We sat and had a
 long talk. He was in business in London
 and was on a visit to Athens his native city.
 Hearing that I was for the war he entered
 into a long discussion on its prospects and
 more especially the future of Turkey and Greece.
 Like all other Greeks with whom I came
 in contact, the one dominant feeling ruling
 over all other considerations was, hatred of
 the Turks. I never met a Greek who did
 not speak of the Turks with the most absolute
 loathing and contempt. This is not confined
 to the Turks as a nation, but I believe a Greek
 is educated to consider each individual Turk
 a personal enemy and a defrauder. Hence
 they have the most bitter hatred of the mild &
 indolent Moslems. Of course this is reciprocal
 to a certain extent, hence Greek is a synonym
 in Turkey for thief or blackguard... The Eastern
 war is of course regarded through this medium
 and as formerly England and France when as

assisting the Greeks in asserting their independence
 were their greatest friends - Now that they are
 assisting the Turks they are regarded with sus-
 picion of not openly with sincerity, while ~~Russ~~
 Russia is openly defended. But the feeling
 is complicated by another circumstance. The
 Greeks not content with the boundaries of their
 present ill populated Kingdom have been push-
 ing their way into the Turkish territory as defined
 by the last treaty, and at all events have been
 stirring up sedition among the Turkish people
 especially those who belong to the Greek religion.
 This although not authorized by the Greek gov-
 ernment is commuted at. Hence the British
 and French have thought right to send a
 few frigates to the Bay of Salamis and some
 5000 men each, ^{to Piræus} under colour of assisting King
 Otto to keep his rebellious children in order.
 The presence of these troops adds fuel to the fire.
 The King openly receives them, while they are
 avowedly there for the protection of Turkey. Hence
 the people are in a state little short of sedition.
 The whole country round about is infected
 with robbers, or rather the people are all
 robbers at least towards strangers. While I was

there several robberies took place within a few miles of Athens and actually on the road between that city and Pentelicon where the Allied Camp was pitched! A guerilla warfare is kept up by the people on the Solchias; and accustomed to that marauding life they make incursions into Athens & Piræus &c. They are sorely in need of some good detectives to make an example; but Otto has a very slender hold on them. ~~So that~~ life and property are insecure all over Greece. In this age of civilisation no one travels in Greece without arms — My Greek companion enlarged on all these topics giving me a Grecian view of the Greek and always ending by some anathema on the Turks. Speaking of the war he was confident that it would end in a compromise or the defeat of the Allies. He devoutly looked for a compromise. He professed not to dislike the Allies or Russia all he wanted was — let the Turks alone and make the most of it. In his way between Russia on the North and Greece on the South the Sick Man would soon have his quietus. He refused to entertain the possibility of Giant Russia turning round on Pigmy Greece and swallowing up her little helper. He professed to believe in

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ΑΓΓΕΛΙΑ.

Ὅταν οὕτω ἐκδοθήσεται διὰ Δραχμὴν μίαν

ΕΚ ΤΟΥ ΑΓΓΛΙΚΟΥ

ΥΠΟ

ΑΓΑΘΟΚΛΕΟΥΣ ΧΡΙΣΤΙΑΝΟΥ,

(Εἰς Φυλλιδίον τριῶν τυπογραφικῶν φύλλων 8^{ου} μεγέθους.)

Ο ΜΟΣΛΕΜ ΚΑΙ ΤΟ ΤΕΛΟΣ ΑΥΤΟΥ,

ΟΜΙΛΙΑ ἐρμηνευτικὴ τῶν προφητειῶν ΔΑΝΙΗΛ καὶ τῆς Ἀποκαλύψεως ΙΩΑΝΝΟΥ τοῦ ΘΕΟΛΟΓΟΥ ἐπὶ τῆς ἀνωτέρω ὑποθέσεως ἐκφωνηθεῖσα εἰς συνέλευσιν πολυπληθοῦς ἀκροατηρίου Ἀγγλῶν κατὰ τὴν ἐν Λονδίῳ Ἐξετέρειον Αἶθουσαν ὑπὸ τοῦ ΑΙΔΕΣΙΜΟΥ ΙΩΑΝΝΟΥ ΚΥΜΙΚΟΥ, Διδάκτορος τῆς Θεολογίας, Μέλους τῆς Βασιλικῆς Ἑταιρίας τῶν Ἐπιστημῶν, κτλ. κτλ. καὶ δημοσιευθεῖσα ἐν Λονδίῳ τῷ 1854 παρὰ τῶν πασιγνώστων Βιβλιοπωλῶν ΔΡΟΥΡΟΥ ΧΑΛΛΟΥ, ΒΙΡΤΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΕΤΑΙΡΙΑΣ, κατὰ τὴν ΠΑΤΕΡΙΜΟΝ ὁδόν, Ἀριθ. 25.

ΚΑΤΑΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΩΝ ΣΥΝΔΡΟΜΗΤΩΝ.

* Παρακαλοῦνται οἱ Κύριοι νὰ καταγράψωσι τὰ ὀνόματα αὐτῶν εὐκρινῶς διὰ τὸ εὐχανάγνωστον.

Ὄνομα	Ἀριθμὸς Ἀντιτύπων.

destiny and was sure the accomplishment of a prophecy on the downfall of Mahomedanism was near at hand. He had great faith in Dr Cumming of London. And so vastly was he imbued with the truth of certain predictions or explanations of Prophecy that he was bringing out in the Greek tongue a lecture by Dr Cumming on the subject "The Moslem and his end" which he thought would do great good in Greece. He presented me with a prospectus which I kept as a specimen of the Modern Greek language.

In the twilight I strolled round the quays of the port, a great display of venting on the frigates in consequence of some great day. I met Mr Polychronopoulos the Innkeeper who was in a great wrath at Demetrius the valet for leaving me at Piræus. It seems that since the steamer had not arrived Mr Poly had told him to keep me at Athens where there were comfortable quarters and get a message sent from Piræus when the ship came in. Demetrius had business of his own with some officers at Pentelicius, so he left me to my resources. Being in need of a dram of brandy to quiet me - I couldn't swallow then raki - Poly sent a man with me to a branch

establishment he had at Piræus on the road to which I heard the regimental French band. The band however had no brandy so I went from one tap to another in quest of that refreshment. At length we came to one which promised and soon I had my "petit verre". The room was filled with English soldiers and they were bawling out "Come be alive John more beer" to a Greek waiter who seemed to know their ways. They were imbibing bitter beer before barrack hour. In an inner room a bagpipe struck up and soon sounds of dancing, and on looking in there were some semi-intoxicated Scots in kilts dancing the highland fling as "neat as nature". Shakes of Themistocles and Homer! Fancy, bitter beer, celty pipes and the Highland fling at Piræus.

The tavern had limited accommodation in beds, there were 4 shake downs in one room, of which I had one. I had misgivings partly for the fleas and partly for my goods and chattels - I had no faith in Greeks; however the night passed well I was glad to find in the morning the vessel arrived. She had been detained by contrary winds and had to take shelter in one of the ports on the west side of the Morea.

21st The steamer stand till 2 pm when we set off again passing through the narrow gate of the harbor. Passed at a distance the rocky Promontory or "Marbled steep" of Iminium where was a temple of Minerva. I could see the shafts of the Columns glittering in the Sun — Passed by some of the Isles of Isee and at 9 pm stopped in the bay of Syra. Syra is an important island as the Constantinople, Swant, Alexandria and Marseilles lines meet here. Being dark I could only see by the lamps that it is a Peninsula in the bosom of a hilly bay.

22^d. All day at sea, having stopped some hours in the morning to tow off a brig which had got aground on a bank near one of the islands.

There are two Cabin passengers besides myself; the British Consul at Corfu who speaks English — and his wife an Italian who speaks nothing else. I converse with her now and then, a good deal of fun being caused by me speaking decided French with an occasional signification at the end. The Consul is on his way to Constantinople to demand redress for loss, occasioned in a curious way. He possesses land in Albania and contracts with our Commesariat to supply a quantity of

corn. He obtained liberty from the Sultan to export it and paid for a safeconduct of the goods to the sea port: the government guaranteeing the safety of the corn. On its passage through Albania the Caravan was attacked by robbers and although said to be protected by Cavashes or mounted police of some kind, not a grain ever reached the port of embarkation. The Consul lost his corn and was on his way to the Sublime Porte to get restitution. There's a state of matters!

Another passenger is the British Consul-vice-at Candia a Greek who speaks English - Knownonly better against the Moslem. Going to Constantinople for medical advice for Ophthalmia.

Demetrius Bikelas is another second cabin passenger whom I found a very pleasant young man a Greek, in a merchant's house in London. On a visit to his parents at Constantinople - I often met him again and was indebted to him for a great deal of information on many points, especially little traits of character which he pointed out. Like all other Greeks although not so bigoted he has a lively hatred of everything Turkish.

H. Borkheim is a simplehearted German of vast apparent green-ness. On his way to the Crimea

amounts to 47 9s. 2d.; for the corporal, £4 19s. 6d.; for the drummer, the same; and for the private, £2 6s. 8d. and on the others £1 13s. each—leaving, out of £4d. allowed by Government for the whole regiment, a sum to the Colonel of £229 1s. 4d., exclusive of "compensation," by which considerable profit accrues to the officer. The increased annual pay of £500, in the place of £400 mentioned; which, together with the profits arising from his salary to between £1300, and £1400 per annum, on his pocket for subscriptions to mess and band together with various incidental expenses. It is true, and many refuse when referred to. On the other hand, of great generosity might be quoted, where officers, waiting for solicitation, have devoted the greater part of their emoluments towards benefiting their corps. But it is a general officer whose pecuniary position enables him to be so liberal, is, nevertheless, in reality, intended for his own use and here, again, a glaring defect in the system becomes apparent by opening opportunity for comparison; since, where a general is landed for liberality, the commendation must be to the detriment of another.

is a further outlay to which Colonels are subjected—their accoutrements; and these must be furnished from the ready quoted as given by Parliament under the head of but which expenditure need not greatly detract from the income. For the complement of men previously named, accoutrements would probably cost £1200, each set of which averaged to last twelve years. A small sum annually in- about at compound interest, would meet this additional de- about greatly detracting from the General's perquisites. These are incontrovertible.

The Army Estimates are next laid before the House of it were well these matters should be inquired into. Few

situation are observable, when the dose is carefully adapted to the case, the arsenic is left off for a time. Symptoms of disease occur which are only one speedy mode of relief—an immediate return to arsenic-eating.

PRINCE WORONZOW, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF SOUTHERN RUSSIA, AND THE CAUCASUS.

PRINCE MICHAEL WORONZOW (pronounced, and often in England spelt, Woronzoff), was lately described by a public writer as, perhaps, the second personage in the Russian Empire; an assumption founded rather on the high offices he holds, and an assumption territory entrusted to his care as Governor, than upon any deeper knowledge of the political hierarchy of which the Emperor Nicholas is the chief. That he is one of the most important of the public functionaries of Russia, however, is beyond a doubt; although his services to his country have by no means equalled those of Prince Gagarin, or the late Count Dieblich. The position which he now holds in Asia, and the more than ordinary interest in his career and character.

Prince Woronow is the first of his family who has held that title of nobility. The family is not of very ancient origin; and it must not be confounded with that of the old Boyard race of the same name, which bore itself so illustrious in the Russian history of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but which became extinct towards the close of the last—that is to say, in the year 1576. We have it on the authority of Prince Pierre Dolgorouky that the first known ancestor of the present house of Woronow was Gabriel Woronow, who died at the siege of Tchernigov, in Little Russia, in 1678. His son, Hilarion Woronow, had three sons—Roman, Michael, and John. Michael owed his rise, like so many of the Russian nobles, to the personal favour of an Empress, the Empress Elizabeth. He afterwards married his cousin, the Countess Anna Savransky. Elizabeth created him Chancellor of the Empire, and afterwards Minister for Foreign Affairs. She also procured for him, from the Emperor Charles VII., the dignity of Count of the Holy Roman Empire, on the 27th March, 1744. He left only one child, a daughter, the Countess Alexander Stroganov, wife of the Baron Alexander Stroganov, who was subsequently created Count by Paul I. in 1798. He obtained for his two brothers, Roman and John, the dignity of Counts of the Holy Roman Empire, which was conferred on them in January, 1760, by the Emperor Francis I. General Count Roman Woronow is described as a man of great merit; but of a rapacious disposition. He left two sons, Alexander and Simon, both of whom became statesmen and servants of the Crown, and were distinguished for their loyalty and virtues of character. Alexander filled, under the Empress Catherine the Great, the office of President of the College of Commerce (which answers to that of Minister of Commerce), and he was subsequently, under the Emperor Alexander, Chancellor of the Empire and Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The other brother, the General Count Simon Woronow, passed through a distinguished diplomatic career, in the course of which he was intimately associated with England and English poli- ties. We have some facts in connexion with his life and residence in London, which will be found interesting. He was

in-chief of the Army of the Caucasus, and Governor of the Caucasus. His duty have been threefold—diplomatic, administrative, and military. His mission to consolidate the power of Russia conquered, and to pave the way, ultimately to us of more.

A volume would scarcely suffice for a detail of the operations of Prince Woronow, and did not receive the dignity of Count till the 5th of November, in August, 1842, as a reward for a little anticipating events.

Besides making direct conquests of territory Black Sea and the Caspian, the policy of Russia establishing such an armed circle round the area in Asia, as would enable her, at a future time, to quarter simultaneously with a conquering army the people. The military operations of Prince directed to this end; although, of late years, he been absorbed by the war in the Caucasus. All those intrepid mountaineers have provided unrivalled Russian troops required; and it seems that, while of men and ammunition; while the enthusiasm of these operations.

Prince Woronow has not, per- Kimund Spencer, the author of interesting book on Caucasus, Georgia, &c., acknowledged (in 1833) accompany him on his voyage round the Black Russian "settlements" in Circassia, Mingrelia, "the means," says Mr. Spencer, "of procuring me tion respecting the political situation of coun- hitherto, owing to Russian influence, hermetical inspection of the foreigner."

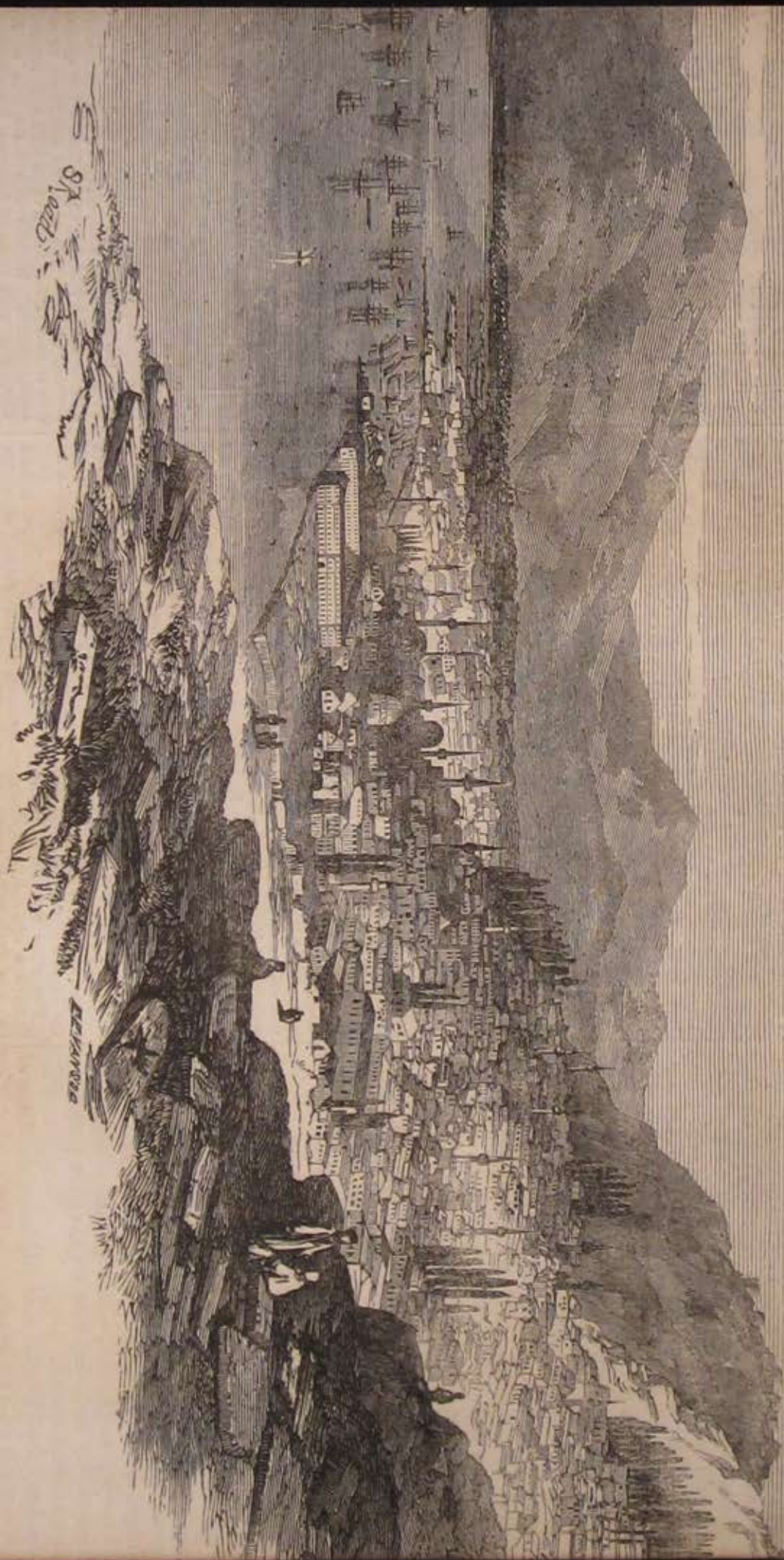
The same author speaks highly of Prince (then the "enlightened Governor of New Russia," Kicheliev at Odessa, at his own expense, and by great benefit on travellers in the country, who through the barbarous customs of the country.

During the coasting expedition round the Black Mr. Spencer notices Kerch, the ancient Panticapæa capital of the Crimea, the celebrated Kertch (Kerch) had done everything to promote its pe other regulations to further his design, he recent from St. Petersburg compelling all vessels bound stop here and perform quarantine. The quarant Kertch, planned and executed according to a sal, to be a perfect model of its kind with respect arrangements. Woronow was received at Ker Theodosia, with military honours, illuminations the whole of the party were regaled with a splen the Governor of the town, "Prince Kharkhonidze, on January, 1838, intelligence arrived in Feol

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SMYRNA, FROM THE JEWS' CEMETERY



where his brother is a general store dealer in Kadikoi.

Another young gentleman a Scotstunian, whose name I did not get, was the only other I made up to, and those I have named generally came together for most of the day.

It was the Austrian Lloyd Co. again and the men Italians, except the engineers who were true jolly Englishmen, having a thorough care-me-nothing contempt for every nation but their own.

23^d. On rising at 5 am found that the steamer was lying in the bay of Smyrna. The town of Smyrna has been well compared to Rothersey. The situation is very similar, a beautiful semi-circular bay with high hills rising behind, on one of which the old Castle is built. Many domes and minarets of Mosques vary the monotony of flat roof houses. The bay was filled with merchant vessels of all nations except Russia, Smyrna being the Liverpool of the Levant. For the same reason the town is not purely Turkish; there being a French or Greek quarter and a Mahomedan. Smyrna is so well known since it became the site of a British Hospital that I hurry over it.



Bikelas, Borkheim and I went ashore and ordering a land breakfast at an inn, set off with a Dragoman to see the town. Here I first saw the true Musselman character, but as that became more fully known to me after a stay at Constantinople I pass over first impressions. Beautiful as the city looks from the water, it is a filthy place. The streets narrow and ill paved and muddy. Still our ramble through it was most amusing. Every object was new and full of interest to me. We went through and out of the densest part of it - and then the Greek quarter - famed for the bright eyes of the Frank Snyrmotes - and impudently stared in at every door to make the most of our flying visit. If there was one thing in the thoroughfares more abundant than another it was to see the passengers walking along. A sort of groove or gutter for mud occupies the centre of the street, so that you require to walk a little to one side. Then the street is only about 6 or 8 ft broad and you dare not walk within 2 ft of the houses: if you do you will have your head knocked up against the window which projects from a house wall about 5 ft from the ground. So it is Scylla and Charybdis between the two.



Then woe betide your body if you meet a Caravan.
 - Not a wild beast show - a train of from 12 to
 20 Camels laden with boxes and bales, for I
 need not say that a wheeled cart is unknown
 in Smyrna. They are curious things these Caravans.
 The leader - a phlegmatic Turk - sits in an uneasy
 position on a little donkey and in his hand holds
 a rope which is fastened to the snout of the first
 Camel. that to the second and so on. So the little
 donkey leads the train. I saw an amusing thing.

One of these Caravan masters had gone into a house
 and for safety had fastened the rope of Camel No 1
 to the donkey's saddle, which latter animal being
 of a sapient nature, he had left in charge of the
 Camel. The Camel happened to be disjoined from
 all the others and donkey, actuated by some
 spirit of devilment, sets off tugging the Camel
 after him. Seemingly to enjoy the fun he scampered
 off the Turk after him, but to little purpose;
 they flew through the streets with the great beast
 after him. Like a tug boat pulling a huge
 becalmed ship. I don't know how it ended.

Outside the Frank quarter is the Caravan
 bridge over which all the merchandise passes
 into Smyrna. Partly from this rendering it a lively

spot partly because a running water flows by a flat space has been cleared where an al fresco cafe has been established - the favourite evening lounge of the Greeks and Franks of Smyrna. We visited this spot and had a Rarghille and coffee - If you remove the buildings from the Drygate foot, of Glasgow, and sit about 20 yards on the south side of the Drygate bridge over the Molendiner - you would have a very apt conception of the Caravan bridge at Smyrna, introducing - instead of the Sawt & whitening men - a few Camels and their drivers.

After breakfast I poked my way among kamals to the bazaar where all the stuffs of the east were displayed: passing through I came to the object of my search the British Hospital. Formerly a large barabacko it is admirably adapted for its present purpose, facing and close to the sea. I asked for Mr. M. Lead but found he had gone to the Crimea but I saw my friend Mr. Donnell of Dublin who showed me all over the place. It was in admirable order clean and well ventilated. A nice sea breeze blows in from the bay every evening and renders it very pleasant; although it is intolerably hot during the day. The Surgeons were heartily sick of their

quarters having been many months without anything to do. Away far from the scene of action was they only heard rumours of what was going on and had sent to them now and then a shipload of poor fellows worn down with Fever, Dysentery and Diarrhoea. It was too far to send the wounded and the Surgical Staff had all along been nearly idle.

This was not intolerable at first - Good Society among the English and Frankes of Smyrna - a pleasant and beautiful country inland - rides, excursions, picnics &c had enlivened the first few weeks; but they began to weary and longed to share the activity of the "front." What had soon become tiresome was now intolerable, since recent events had confined the Medical Officers to the town and after dusk to the hospital. Their excursions were put a stop to, and they had to keep themselves close prisoners. A horde of robbers had taken possession of the country immediately outside of the walls of Smyrna. It was not safe to leave the town except in large bodies and well armed. Yes! in the second city in Turkey the Liverpool of Asia Minor, the site of a British Military hospital and depot, no one could walk with safety half an hour into the

country. A week before I visited it, Dr McWright a Scotchman long in practice in Suva, was called to see a person lying ill at a village three miles out of Suva. Having made his visit he was returning at four in the afternoon, on a Sunday when more passengers than usual would be going about. Within a mile of Suva he was attacked by robbers and taken prisoner up to the rocky hills above the town. His friends missing him and suspecting what had happened sent bodies of men in search of him: but they did not succeed in getting near him. Mr Wolf his brother-in-law who was one of those in search met with a shepherd who acted as a go-between and knew the haunts of the robbers. A message was sent by Dr McWright to Mr Wolf that he was being ill treated and asking him to pay the ransom demanded. Mr Wolf held out for some days trying to get his friend out of the robbers' hands by threatening vengeance, but without avail. So he ended by paying down £450 on which Dr McWright was released and returned to Suva. Nothing had yet been done or was likely to be done by the authorities to put down these robbers: they still reign supreme in the district about.

This story is well known and authentic.
I met Mr Wolf who told me it himself.

Mr. Donnell and I dined with Mr. Spencer Wells one of the Surgeons who was to be transferred to Rerkivi as Inspecting Surgeon and was consequently to be my Chief. Mrs. Wells was sorely afflicted with the bites of sand flies, a grievous pest, in these warm countries. and her face and arms were covered with eruption like the first stage of small pox. The conversation was a continued lamentation about being kept close prisoners ~~in~~ the town.

After dinner I again embarked and met Bikelas and Borkheim, the former of whom pointed out many peculiarities of a Levantine Steamer.

The Steamer had completely changed her appearance and was adapted for passenger traffic of the Levant. A whole crowd had come aboard.

A motley group of poor looking, filthy, lousy, Turks squatting in every imaginable attitude occupied the Steerage and midships - lying or sitting cross legged on bales boxes or any convenient place. Perhaps the representations of Bikelas biased my judgement but they certainly appeared very repulsive and wretchedly filthy. Most of them

had a loaf of brown bread for food to Constantinople a few had a cucumber - every one a pipe. For those who had not the edibles a peripatetic Cafidgi or Coffee man opened a shop on board. A little Cuddy or deck house with a chamber of live charcoal. Here endless cups of coffee were made in Turkish fashion. A small brass pot, the size of a wine glass is filled with water. Half a teaspoonful of Coffee, the same of Sugar is added, and the whole boiled for about 5 minutes. The contents are transferred to a little cup and while still scalding and before the coffee grains have fallen to the bottom it is sipped with great relish - The Cafidgi acts as interpreter among the Turks and Greeks - the Crew of the Steamer being all Italians.

On the quarter deck I found another class of a higher grade. Of course not Cabin passengers but some of considerable importance notwithstanding. The quarter deck was divided into two by a rail which extended fore and aft in the middle - One side of this was appropriated to us in the Cabin and one or two Christians from the second Cabin. The other side belonged to the Mahomedans who would not mix with us Cypriots. This Moslem

half was subdivided into two compartments, one for the men, the other for the women; in Turkey the sexes do not mingle in public. What amused me much was the amount of baggage that a common Turk seemed to travel with. They had all ten times as bulky bundles as my portmanteau. They all travel with beds rather mattresses. What they fold up and carry with them. In the country inns there are no bedrooms and a traveller carries his mat or mattress which he spreads on the floor of a Khan - independent of beds and rooms. At night I was amused to see the men stretching out their mats and composing themselves to sleep. The women had not room for that but lay huddled together in a corner like so many sheep.

The most important personage was a Persian who was finely dressed with his high hat and green tunic. Bikelas said he must be a gentleman and certainly his manners seemed polite. He had two men-servants with him who waited on him but he showed them far more courtesy than is ever done in our country. In fact at first I thought they were travelling companions. Three women in the female pen belonged to his company for sundy goods were interchanged. The steamer

not going away for a while - the Persian did the true Eastern hospitality - But of a huge basket was produced a teapot with spout lamp below - Tea was infused and poured into glass cups which were handed to the females - While the gentleman prepared for himself and servants, with his own hands, a glass of some sweet confection, Sherbet. which he cooled with a handful of Snow taken from a large ball of thread which he had, rolled in a blanket. Having made and taken a farewell meal with his female friends they went away, and Persian preparing a Hookah sat and smoked solemnly for a long time.

The only females worth noticing were three Greek women from Syra on their way to Constantinople to act as wet-nurses. They had left their children at Syra and as they took 3 or 4 days to the journey and might not meet an engagement for some days more, they kept up the flow of milk in the breasts by suckling a litter of puppy dogs, they carried in a basket.

At 4 pm we sailed out of Smyrna bay. Smyrna is the most flourishing town of the seven Churches of the Apocalypse, as we might expect from the message sent to it. The majority of the

population is Mahomedan but there are a large number of Greek and other Christians. I visited one of the Armenian churches - a bare, unadorned hall where many people were standing with their hats on. Some priests were singing a monotonous chant very ineffectually. It reminded me much of a small Roman Catholic Chapel without so much of the pomp and tinsel. The service seemed a very business like proceeding. In Athens I had been struck with the want of commanding Church Architecture. The churches in Athens are very neat and tasteful but very low-roofed, not rising above the neighboring houses. This I was told was in contrast to the high towers and lofty architecture of the Latin Church it being evident that the two rival Churches being so similar to one another in principles, they must needs show their jealousy by some difference in ritual or outward display - In Smyrna the most conspicuous objects are the Mosques which add greatly to the beauty of the town.

24th Sunday morning; passing the Island of Tenedos, famed for its wine. In a bay of this island the Greek fleet lay concealed before the capture of Troy. On the coast opposite on Asia Minor is Besica Bay where lay the English

fleet before the siege of Sebastopol. Soon we
 come opposite and enter the mouth of the
 Dardanelles flanked by a castellated fort on
 each side. In what direction shall I let my
 mind wander. We are passing the plains of Troy,
 the mouth of the Scamander, Mount Olympus
 the abode of gods in the distance. Hector and Aegides
 in view where Hector took his army across on
 a bridge of boats - where Laender and Lord Byron
 swam across - - - Or more appropriate to the
 day I think on Troas where St Paul left his
 cloak, or that I was certainly passing not many
 miles from the spot where the man prayed
 and was seen by Paul to say "Come over into
 Macedonia and help us". But no! the one fact
 impressed on my mind was, this is the road to
 the war. There, over against the European
 Castle is a French steamer of the line which
 now gives a signal by a heavy gun. We dip
 our colours and she answers the courtesy. I
 have no leisure to take particular note of the
 shores knowing that I shall spend probably
 a long time in the neighbourhood. I look out
 eagerly as I pass along the Strait for something
 I could recognise as our hospital but no

one on board can point out the spot. I passed it without noticing it and was still asking for its site when the steamer stopped to land passengers at the Town of Dardanelles. The tents of Beateons irregular horse on the hill gave me the first scent of a camp, but in no direction could I see what I could set down as an hospital.

Shortly we passed by Abydos the narrowest point and from then all along we could hardly make our way through the fleet of sailing vessels which were on their way to Constantinople. It was a very fresh South West breeze and I am sure we passed not fewer than a hundred vessels of all sorts. They were principally brigs and ships in the transport service of Britain France or Sardinia. A few Austrian and French ~~the~~ sailing vessels. It gave me a very lively idea of the magnitude of the struggle of which I was to form a jot, to think that in one day so many vessels should pass through these straits.

I afterwards learned that Marmora had been wind-bound for a long time and had collected at the mouth of the Dardanelles ^{waiting} for a favorable breeze as it is perfectly impossible to get up against the very strong current without a fair strong wind.

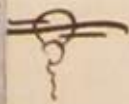
191.

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are obtained principally in France and the Netherlands. The
or nearly all, males; hence it is well for the continuance of
that the Quail should be polygamous. Now, the reason why
sowers are males is simply this: the males, in flocks, precede
days the arrival of the females; and, like sailors from a lo
meet with "crimps ashore,"—nets are prepared,—the quail-pi
the low note of the female, is heard, the male utters his clea
trissyllable, pee-vor-ree, by way of answering, and in this man
at the time are drawn into the trap. The story has a moral, so
aright.

Now for the Quail as a British bird. It is seldom that the
our island before the middle of May; but here we must ex
permanent residents, more numerous in our southern counties
yet been suspected. In our midland districts the Quail is rare
more so as we advance northwards. It is the bird of the
tenanting plains and undulating tracts under rich cultivation
hills of moderate elevation, where barley grows abundantly.
It loves the scrubby borders of cornlands, which afford it shel
stone fields; or the very centre of wide lands, where wheat, or
mustard-seed, and the like, cover acres. As a proof of the co
of the Quail during the winter in some of the congenial coun
island we may here appropriately introduce the following n
communicated to the writer by Mr. Gould. It runs as follows

Let us now, passing over much ground, turn to Hasselquist, the pupil
and friend of Linnaeus. Hasselquist travelled in the East. He was a
man of no ordinary talent, and had been educated in the school of rigid
accuracy. Now, this able observer, carefully distinguishing between the
Katta and the Quail, sent an account of the former to Linnaeus, under
the title of *Tetrao Israelitarum*. Giving a separate account of the latter
bird, he says, "I think it alone worth a journey from Jerusalem to the
Red Sea to meet with the partridge of Arabia or the Holy Land, which
has never been before described. These birds are, without a doubt, the
Quails of the Israelites;" remarks which will not apply to our Quail, nor
to the Continental red-legged Partridge.

THE QUAIL.
introduced to our readers a history of the Turkey—
propriate to the season, and at all times inviting. A
ed by and spring has returned, bringing with it
ry birds—those, namely, that leave our latitudes
the winter in more genial climes, to revisit us when
nd gone." The flowers of the earth burst forth
d fragrance. The swallow now makes its appear
of the turtle is heard in our land."

THE QUAIL.

Subsequently he observes that, about Whiteunide, the Arabs carry
many thousands of them to Jerusalem for sale. This, we are informed,
is still true, with respect to the Katta, but not so with respect to the
Quail. Unfortunately, Linnaeus knew little or nothing about the Sand-
Grouse; and Hasselquist did not give its native name of Katta. Hence
Linnaeus—to whom we are not assured that specimens were ever sent—
or, if sent, received by him—makes Hasselquist's *Tetrao Israelitarum* a
synonym of his *Tetrao Coturnix*—that is, our common Quail. Here
lies the difficulty; but, when Linnaeus called the American turkey
Meleagris (adverting to Quail's table) was not aware of the fact.

January 3
Weather very severe—hard frost, with much snow. Visited
hall-market. Quails at four different stalls—all British. A
dealer had twelve fresh up from Cambridgehire; from which

At 4 o'clock we anchored in the bay of Gallipoli - the place where the allied armies first encamped on Turkish ground. It is now a depot for commissariat stores. A good many vessels of the allied nations riding at anchor. In the evening we steamed up the remaining part of the straits which soon opened out into the sea of Marmora. The breeze still continued brisk, and the flotilla of the windbound vessels skimmed finely over the crested waves.

On the morning of the 25th we saw in the distance the Minarets of Constantinople. In a short time the Sun lighted up the scene with magic splendour. All was excitement on board at the sight of that glorious panorama... I feasted my eyes on it - and at 7 am. the steamer glided into the Golden Horn, under the old sea walls of Stamboul.

End of Volume First.



Here begins Campaign.